BRITANNIA and EVE

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AUGUST
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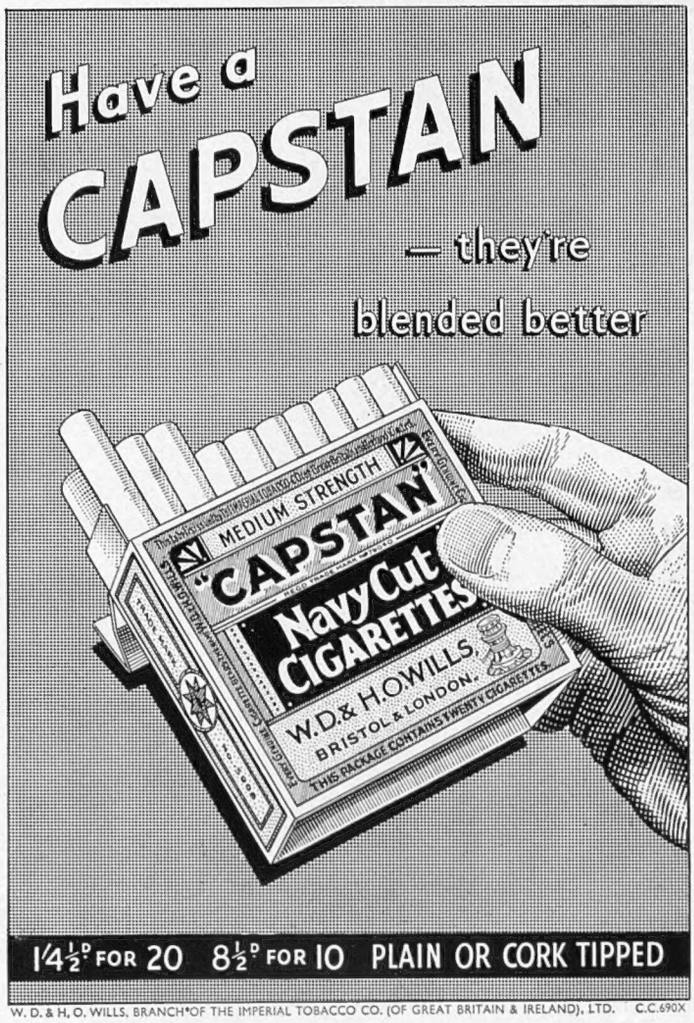

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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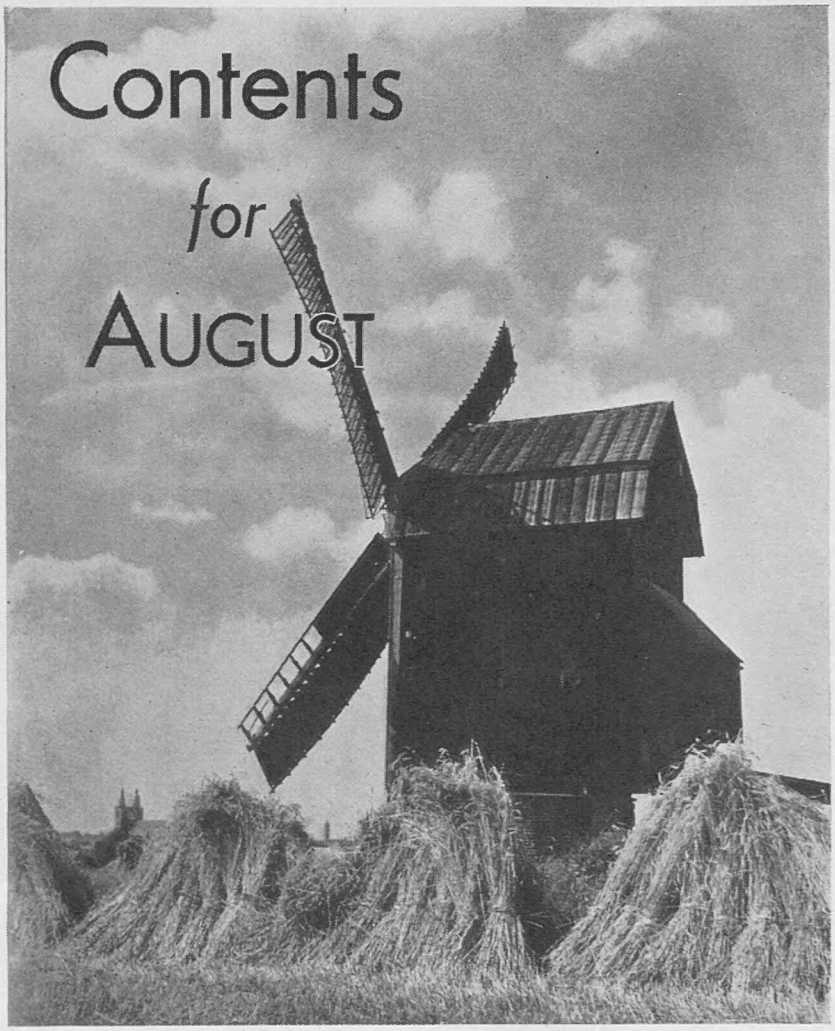

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Hosts who offer Schweppes infer
You're something of a connoisseur

Decisive Battles of the World

The Last Great Invasion of Britain when the Norman Conqueror founded a new Empire

The Battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066

AT Hastings Duke William won a victory which unified England and fused Saxon and Norman into a distinctive new people, the English, destined to play a rôle in world history unequalled since the Romans.

The departure of the Roman legions left Britain a prey to the sea invader and local dissensions. The Danes, under Canute, had conquered the country fifty years before the Normans came. But the line of Alfred was restored with Edward, the Saxon celibate king, who had become Normandised during exile, had a Norman mother and spoke French. The North Sea, linking the island to Denmark and Scandinavia, was wider than the Channel moat dividing her from the Norman land. William of Normandy had taken to wife a daughter of the royal house of Alfred.

In January, 1066, Edward died, childless. A week later Duke William claimed the throne. Harold, Earl of Wessex, England's most powerful noble, had already taken it. The Witan had named him, and Edward had made him his heir. William alleged that on the contrary Edward, son of William's great aunt, had promised him the crown; and, further, that Harold had once sworn fealty to him as his vassal.

Harold was a fighting man, experienced in campaigns in Wales and the north, lord of a strong private army of house carls, tough professional fighting men, horsed, armoured, swinging the long Danish battle-axe. William also had spent half of his thirty-nine years in war against his neighbours, his barons, and the king of France. He had a strong army built around a body of horsed and armoured knights. Both captains backed their standing armies with levies. But a closer view shows William as an abler man than Harold. He thought more clearly and on a wider scale. Also, he had a superior, a new model, military machine.

Harold kept armed watch for William whom, he knew, had organised an expedition, which included some land-and-loot-hungry knights and barons of Flanders and Brittany and was building a fleet of transports. But when William sailed, on the night of September 27, guiding his long line of transports by the light of a great lantern lashed to the mast of his flagship, the *Mora*, and when he disembarked his army on the Pevensey beach, and marched it, some seven or eight thousand warriors and two thousand trained cavalry horses, to Hastings, Harold was not there to oppose the landing, or the march.

Where was he? He was in York. Some weeks earlier Hardrada of Norway had invaded the north, routing the forces of the earls of Northumbria and Mercia. Harold had ridden north with his house carls, surprised the Viking army in its camp astride the Derwent at Stamford Bridge, destroyed it and killed Hardrada. William landed at Pevensey three days after this battle.

Apprised of William's arrival, Harold reached London with his horsed men in four days. Five days later, reinforced by the thegns and fyrd of the south-east counties, he moved south, and as night fell camped his army on an isolated ridge beyond the forest of Andradsweald, six miles north-west of Hastings.

William, anxious to bring Harold to battle, marched out seven miles to the hill before dawn, and attacked. The long and cross bowmen discharged their arrows against the hill defenders, ranged behind their shield wall; and the men-at-arms advanced.

William controlled a perfected *blitzkrieg* machine: missile men (artillery), men-at-arms (heavy infantry), armoured horsemen (tanks). The combination of Saxon shield wall, and strong hill position, held the Norman assault machine for eight hours, during which William launched two big cavalry charges, and once by a feint lured important enemy forces down the hill and into a cavalry charge in flank. But at last he had an idea. He ordered arrow fire, howitzer fashion. (Ten centuries later the Nazis used weaponed airplanes in essentially the same manœuvre.) The arrows, whistling down from the sky, instead of rushing straight, confused and disorganised the shield wall. One struck Harold in the eye, and killed him. William launched his cavalry; a last effort; and the Normans rolled over the Saxons.

Weakened further by some menacing military movements, and terrorism in the countryside, the Witan capitulated, and by its invitation William entered the London fortress, and was crowned King of England on Christmas Day in Edward's church of Westminster.

After the

by

DURING 1939 you could see, on the rim of New York City, the world of to-morrow, in miniature. Many nations—the British, Russian, German, Japanese among them—contributed their quota to the composite picture. Many millions saw it, and marvelled.

They did not realise that the real everyday world, from which they crossed into this dream world, was crumbling, silently, and that soon, over in Europe, the Nazi dive-bombers, *panzerdivisien*, and Attilan war method, would blow it away.

That world has gone. Jerry built on rotten economic and political cement during the 'twenties and 'thirties, a world largely resting on wishful thinking, national selfishness, complacency, cliché, and muddled thinking, it sank into the abyss in the single month of May, 1940.

You may remember how it rolled, gleaming and glamorous, out of the smoke and flame of the first world war, displaying in a seemingly endless stream its wonders—radio, television, sound films, air conditioning, insulin, high-speed land and air machines, transoceanic air travel, vast new highway systems and housing developments, synthetic blondes, a rhythm to which all man could dance, and did dance, from Cheltenham to Chicago, and Timbuctoo to Tokio.

But it creaked and groaned ominously as it rose, story topping story, dizzy balcony on dizzy balcony, until the whole structure nearly collapsed in the great slump of 1929—1933, at the height of which a revolutionary movement swept Roosevelt and his new dealers into office in the United States and Hitler and his Nazis into power in Germany.

In the end, before two great nations closed in a death grip in north Asia, and four in Europe, and economic strangulation threatened the peoples on the sidelines, monetary chaos had enveloped the world, a new economic crisis was incubating following the world price break and American business collapse of 1937 : and every intelligent observer knew that a modern structure had to be built solidly around the walls of the fast decaying old one, and pretty quickly, too, or we might all find ourselves dropping through into a new dark age.

But the warlike nations and their violent-minded leaders could or would not wait. The Japanese warriors set out to force their new order on Asia ; and on their heels the Nazis launched their war machine to force their new order on Europe, as a first stage on the march towards the German world empire of their boundless dreams. The old world now lies buried under a vast pile of corpses in China, Spain, Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France ; and now a new world, the third in forty years, is shaping.

This new world is as far removed from that of the nineteen twenties and thirties, as that one was from its predecessor, the world of hip baths, magic lanterns, governess carts, boned corsets, cotton stockings, horse transport for the army, and those British War Office minds which rejected as absurd and impracticable the idea brought to them by a Colonel Fuller of an armoured caterpillar vehicle known as a "tank."

YOU could use a thousand yardsticks to measure the distance between the dead world and the new one that is incubating ; but a single one illuminates the scene like a bomb flash. It is the phenomenon of a British Churchill-headed Government, containing still the Carlton Club's pet, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, sending Left-wing Sir Stafford Cripps as British Ambassador to Moscow, and proposing Franco-British Union, with common

War — — —

C·PATRICK THOMPSON

citizenship, pooling of all resources and destinies, and a single cabinet.

Any one a year ago suggesting that any such event was remotely possible would have been regarded as a person living in the clouds, and perhaps even certifiable. As an idea, it is far more imaginative, revolutionary and daring than the forcible fusion of Austria and Germany; for Gaul and Briton have little in common except their adherence to the free way of living, as opposed to the Nazi conception of oligarchs ruling by propaganda, Gestapo and terror.

But that is just the rub. Men died in wars in the old worlds of Greece and Rome over this same issue of democracy or oligarchy, freedom or slavery; how men were to order their way of life, and struggle on along the path into the enigmatic future. All the belligerents in this latest of man's endless wars know that a new world has to be built. The one point on which they differ is whether it shall be built and lived in by free men, or by a conquering warrior race imposing themselves as masters and controlling a mass of subject peoples and slaves. The dream of Hitler only revives in another age the dream of that other folk monarch, Attila.

LIFT oneself above the struggle, and one sees that whoever wins, will have to build. Either way, it will be a wonder world; and either way, it will be a greater world, with farther horizons, than the lop-sided and obsolete one which has plunged so suddenly into the night of time.

It will be a world unable to tolerate full sovereign rights for each and all of sixty odd nations, each with its own customs barriers, money system, rail gauge, and implacable resolve to sell more than it buys, and so have a higher living standard than its neighbours.

Larger economic units will inevitably emerge. The Anglo-French union proposed by Mr. Churchill envisaged one. Presumably it would have embraced the whole of the British and French Empires, 550,000,000 people, with immense resources in men, raw materials manufacturing plant, ships, ports, great public works of all sorts, and, above all, markets.

The Nazis envisage another embracing all Europe, with its 400,000,000 people (and probably taking in Soviet Russia as a sort of independent self-governing dominion integrated in the Germanic imperial system), controlled from Berlin through central economic and financial machinery located there and operated by Nazi oligarchs, and held in a mark-money union, as the forty-eight United States are held in a dollar union, and the British Empire is held in a sterling union.

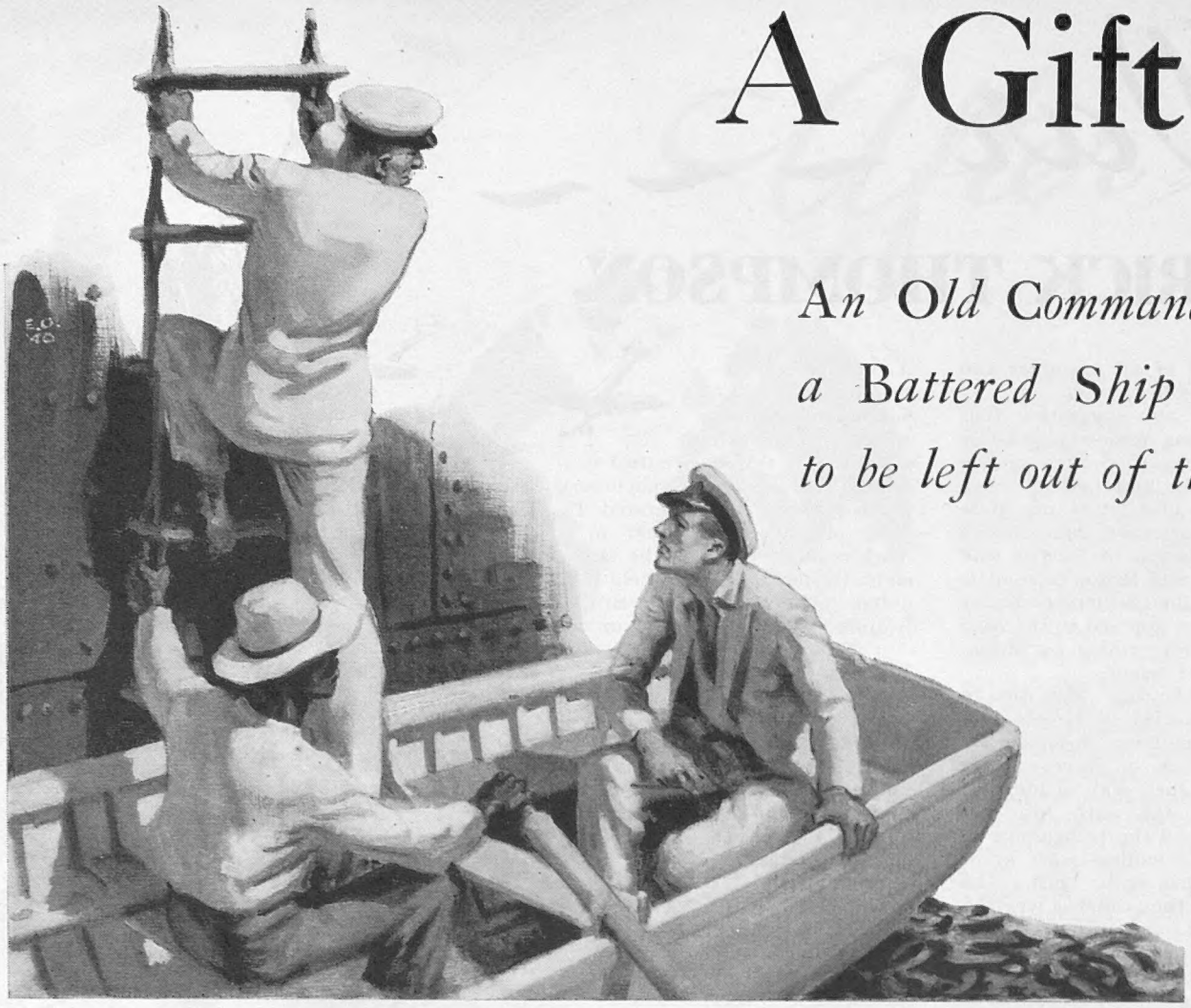
IN these giant economic empires of to-morrow—the Japanese envisage another, with themselves in control, and China hitched to their structure as a raw material producing, low-living standard colony or dominion, and a vast outlet for their factory products—production will reach a volume beyond anything we now know.

It is not easy to see through to this when men are dying violently in battle. But I have always had a memory of the remark made to me by a French artillery sergeant with whom I shared a tin of bully beef and a litre of wine at an ammunition dump back of Festubert: his battery of 75's was in support of the British. He gestured towards the ruins of the village through which I had come, and said that the *boche* had done a good job. It had been a pig sty. Now after the war someone would have to rebuild it decently.

That was a long time ago, back in the early spring of 1915, back in the days of jam-pot bombs and gas masks made out of a flannel shirt-tail with a bit of mica sewn in. It struck me as a rationalisation of an unfortunate situation: much more sensible than groaning over the destruction that no one could do anything about, now it had started, anyway. It helped one to get that war in perspective to reflect that Europe had been a battleground and slaughter house for twenty centuries, and this probably wasn't the last war this land would see. It also helps one to get the Asiatic struggle into better focus to remind (*Continued on page* 69)

A Gift to

An Old Commander and a Battered Ship Refuse to be left out of the War



MR. HALL grabbed the rope of the Jacob's ladder and looked down at Mr. Rieser. "Only I got an idea we ain't goin' to get there"

TO Mr. Hall's mind that last three hundred tons of Barbados sugar was a mistake.

Mr. Hall came somewhat profanely to that decision after having instructed the 'Badian boatman to pull him around the steamer *St. Nicholas* for the third time. She looked lower at every circuit and Mr. Hall was not at all sure that this was merely an optical illusion.

"Sure she's only down to her marks," he said to Fred Rieser, the young man who had applied for the job of second mate. "But supposin' one o' those pumps hiccoughed? Supposin' the chief got lost for three minutes in the steam that's escapin' from every pipe in her guts? Suppose a wave over four inches high should hit her between here an' the English Channel? Then how far down would she be?"

Mr. Hall paused, but not long enough for the would-be second mate to reply.

"The answer's on the chart o' the waters around here an' it's something over a thousand fathoms," Mr. Hall said. "That's how far down she'd be."

From the bridge of the *St. Nicholas* the Old Man, Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, hailed the boat:

"Mr. Hall!" he piped. "Will you come aboard, please?"

Mr. Hall answered and growled in his throat. "Pull around to the starboard side," he told the boatman.

He indicated himself with a finger like a belaying pin. "I'm an American citizen," he said. "It's against the law for me to go get myself killed in a war zone, especially when the chances are we'll never make it to the war zone. An' look at what I got for a master! A silly old Limey ex-naval officer with bats under his hat. And the ship under the Greek flag!"

"Well, how about quittin'?" suggested the Canadian would-be officer hopefully.

Mr. Hall glared at Mr. Rieser. "Your trouble is you talk too much," he said. "You're practically a Limey yourself, if you was born across the river from Detroit. And you're forgetting you're nothing but a second mate—I mean not even a second mate."

Fred Rieser grinned.

Mr. Hall brooded as the black 'Badian sweated over the oars.

"I don't like Limies," the mate said. "Maybe I got a little Limey blood myself but I got other blood, too. My ancestors were all good guys who never refused a drink, any of 'em. But I don't like Limies."

He jerked a finger towards the bridge at the attenuated figure of Commander Billingsby, R.N., retired, and lowered his voice:

"You know what that little wart told me once? He told me that in the World War—the first one—he served with the British fleet at the Dardanelles. He was proud of it! Proud! You know what happened at the Dardanelles? The Turks trimmed the Limies. Sat in their forts an' lobbed shells at the battleships till the British had to quit. They never did force the straits."

He shook his head. "But Billingsby was proud he'd been there. He was proud o' being licked. An American wouldn't ha' admitted it. He would ha' had an alibi. He'd ha' been able to prove he wasn't around when the Turks dished it out. Sure! Why not? Do they pay off horses that finish last? The trick is to win, not to lose. But I've often noticed that Limies don't mind being licked. They like it! An' that ain't our style at all.

"RAM! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub.

the Nation

By R. H. WATKINS

We do our damndest to win and if we don't an' we've put up a good fight, why, all right, but we don't advertise the licking any."

He looked up uneasily at the stern of the *St. Nicholas* as the boat swung around under it.

"Le' me tell you why you won't want this job," he said. "The old boy has been on ice in Fowey, Cornwall, with asthma for years. So he gets turned down for active service with the navy. But he's inherited all the jack in the Billingsby family an' has no kids to represent him in this war so he gets ambitious himself. So he comes out here an' buys a Greek ship piled up on a coral reef off the Venezuelan coast.

"Me being a practical man and out of a job he hires me to get her off cheap. We get her off, fix her up a little. He figures on taking her to England and presenting her with his compliments to the nation. 'England needs ships,' he says. 'Ships will win the war. This one can be transferred to British registry and carry many a cargo.'"

"Not a bad id——"

"But," Mr. Hall interrupted angrily, "he loads her down with scrap and then piles sugar in her 'tween decks. More gifts to the nation! He makes an impossibility out of what was only a long chance. That last three hundred o' sugar! My story is we'll pull one o' these Limey 'glorious attempts' an' go down with all hands instead of gettin' there with a couple o' thousand tons o' melting scrap. That way Commander Billingsby will be a hero forever instead of just a guy that done a job." He leaned over to tap young Fred Rieser on the knee. "An' that's why you don't want a berth in this one."

Mr. Rieser's eyes were glowing. "We'll make a damn good try," he said.

Mr. Hall groaned. "Another one!" he said. "You wouldn't think a river as narrow as the Detroit would make all that difference!"

"What d'you mean?" asked Mr. Rieser.

Mr. Hall leaned forward and bulged his jaw. "I mean if I'm in this, this ain't going to be a damn good try. We're not trying; we're goin' to get there."

He grasped the ropes of the Jacob's ladder and looked down at Mr. Rieser. "Only I got an idea we ain't goin' to get there," he added, with glooomy prescience.

Tredeen, the chief engineer, arising from a cloud of steam, admitted to the inquiring Mr. Hall that he could use three more days to repair the sins of the Greek ex-chief and the ravages the sea had wrought while the *St. Nicholas* lay on her bilge on the reef. He'd been able to kick her from Caribbean port to port as she was. But to make the 3,503 miles from Barbados to Plymouth—Mr. Tredeen shrugged his singlet-clad shoulders.

Mr. Hall, who had been observing that the north-east trade had backed to north and was blowing with increasing enthusiasm, lured the chief up out of his misty cavern into the presence of the Old Man.

But Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, overruled the idea of delay between wheezes. In spite of the fact

that Mr. Hall called him a little guy he was quite as tall as the mate and now he seemed taller.

"This is war, gentlemen," he said in his uncertain voice. "We must ignore such normal hazards—as engine breakdown and gales to accomplish our mission."

"Our mission bein' to sink in a gallant manner," Mr. Hall growled in Fred Rieser's ear, not taking too much trouble to keep his voice down.

Captain Billingsby looked at his mate. A tall, grey man, slightly bent, ravaged by asthma, Billingsby now gave the impression of being hollow, like the shell discarded by some insect long since gone off on other business of his own. But his eyes had left in them the direct, positive regard of one sure that he will be obeyed.

"Every day lost—is an advantage lost," the Old Man said. He turned to Tredeen. "Is it impossible to get away—or merely hazardous?"

The squat Cornishman snorted. He tapped the engine-room telegraph significantly and swivelled a glance of supreme contempt at all deck officers within range, including Captain Billingsby.

"Give me a jingle," he challenged and went below.

Mr. Hall began to air his views to Mr. Rieser in the port cab of the bridge.

"I'm alone on the ship," he said. "That engineer's a guy I counted on to have some sense, but he turns out to be as British as that wheezin' old R.N. An' the rest of 'em are all Lim——" He caught sight of two coal-black 'Badian seamen on the wall deck—"or claim to be," he added. "We even got 'em from British Honduras an' British Guiana, but to listen to 'em they were all born in Trafalgar Square under a stone lion. I got the whole job o' dunkin' the glory an' gettin' her into port."

"I'll give you a hand," said Mr. Rieser, grinning. "After all, I was born within sight of the United States."

"But you wasn't lookin' our way at the time," said Mr. Hall. "You're all lousy with luck that a practical man like me is aboard. I'll get her across." He meditated, sourly measuring the breadth of the second mate's grin. "I hope," he added.

It was not long after leaving Carlisle Bay and rounding South Point that Mr. Hall's apprehensions regarding that northerly wind came to be felt. Once out from under the lee of the island the *St. Nicholas* began taking sizable seas on the port bow.

She slogged into these after the manner of a man walking into a steel bulkhead on a dark night. The seas stone-walled her. But she staggered on between blows into the north-east all that long afternoon.

The wind didn't ease up and fall light at night, after the custom of the trade wind. It kept on blowing, increasing slowly, while the seas built up. The *St. Nicholas* butted on. She slowed up without any jingle from the bridge. It became apparent to Mr. Hall, gloomily triumphant, that Tredeen would now begrudge the deck enough steam to blow the whistle. He was pinching steam from the main engine to run his pumps and he made use of his sanitary pumps to reinforce his bilge pumps to throw the water out of her.

"We're on our way," said Mr. Hall when he came up at 4 a.m. to take over the bridge from the second mate.

Mr. Rieser, after a grisly gravy-eye watch, shook his head doubtfully, as he glanced at the white crest of a sea that went charging past. "On our way, but not making much," he said.

Vengefully Mr. Hall stabbed downward, at the floor of the Atlantic. "On our way down an' doin' pretty well, mister. I'd say we were a foot nearer bottom already."

Not long after that Mr. Tredeen stuck his head up to glare defiantly—too defiantly—at the seas breaking over her forecastle head. The carpenter, a taciturn New Zealander, sounded the wells and made his unpleasant report. The tops of the seas, with a good few tons of water in them, came aft and tried out the strength of the wooden hatch-covers of Number. One and Number Two holds.

Wearily Captain Billingsby came out of his immobility in the weather cab of the bridge.

"You were right in your estimate of the situation, Mr. Hall," he said, and his asthmatic wheezing seemed worse than usual. "Nevertheless, I conceived it my duty . . . to proceed at the earliest opportunity. I would be compelled to act in the same manner . . . if I had the decision to make again . . . on the chance that we might have met better weather."

Mr. Hall grunted. "Swank . . . that 's their word for it an' it goes with me," he told himself. "I know these cargo scows, sir," he said aloud. "She 's practically hove to now, an' wastin' coal an' riskin' stove-in hatch covers. How about puttin' her stern on to this an' breakin' out a sea anchor, sir? I figure she 'd ride easier an' shake fewer rivets out o' her plates."

Captain Billingsby considered the matter. It wasn't the way you handled a naval craft bound on a service mission.

Mr. Hall walked over to glare at the spot where Tredeen had emerged from his steam bath and then came back.

"I could tell by the slant o' that chief engineer's jaw that he 's runnin' too much sea water through his boilers, sir," he said to the Old Man. "Lyin' to a sea anchor will give him a chance to repair some o' his condenser tubes if she don't sink while he 's at it. Nice weather for a job like that."

Captain Billingsby walked into the wheelhouse and whistled down the engine-room speaking-tube. Mr. Hall sent a man of the watch forward to get out the watches below. Handling a sea anchor is not a job for one man. He had his men ready when the Old Man gave the order.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

That was the start of it. The gale got no worse, but neither did it blow itself out.

In the next score of days Mr. Hall got an idea that maybe some of the guff broken old men had poured into his ears about hardships under sail was perhaps true. Mercilessly he drove his willing crew on that long battle to get to windward against persistent gales. She was making the fight on what steam Tredeen could spare from the pumps. She never hung up a run of more than 126 miles in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Hall himself learned a lot he had forgotten about sewing heavy canvas as he led the crew on the job of keeping her in sea anchors. The sea anchors ripped to pieces like wet paper as she reared and plunged under the impact of the seas.

It was like that. And the thing that made Mr. Hall sorest was that this bunch of Limies, black, white and tan, were all glorying in taking it. And the white men were worst, for they were the quietest about it. The Old Man would prop his frail figure up in the cab and watch the charging seas unendingly, staring ahead while Mr. Hall wondered if the next gust wouldn't pick him up and blow him down to leeward.

"I 'll bet every last one of you lousy Empire builders would welcome bucking a hurricane!" he snarled at Mr. Rieser. "Well, mister, you can't show your patriotic guts in a hurricane because if I get warning o' one I 'm goin' to hightail out of it if I have t' duck round Cape Stiff. I 'm going to get you to England, scrap iron, sugar, patriotics an' all, intact."

He stopped talking, with a pained expression, as the ship took one and failed to rise to the next greyback. She floundered through, with water roaring aft and off her, and waddled on.

Captain Billingsby came strolling out of the cab of the bridge. His air of untroubled serenity was only slightly marred by the necessity for holding on to the rail with paper-white and pitifully thin fingers.

"It 's moderating fast, Mr. Hall," he said pleasantly.

Mr. Hall grunted. "I 'm in no need o' bein' cheered up, sir," he bawled, and stood up very straight.

A faint tinge of pink showed on Captain Billingsby's grey face. For a long moment, while the wind thundered at the dodger, he stood silent. Then he spoke:

"I should have known that, Mr. Hall."

He walked back to his shelter.

Mr. Hall growled in his throat. "That 's the old croaker all the way through," he said somewhat incoherently. "Insults a guy and then makes him sorry he stood up f'r himself. I 'm goin' to make him heave her to again."

Captain Billingsby rejected the suggestion. They caught more of a lacing than usual that night.

Mr. Hall put the bowl back on the saloon table and scraped the stew off his pants with a knife. That had been quite a cross sea and the ship had stayed under quite a while when her bow had been knocked off.

"It 's gettin' so I 'm prayin' for a submarine to shell (*Continued on p. 52*)

"Abandon ship!" he bawled through cupped hands

SALUTE to ENG

From an American who took part in Britain's War in 1914-1918

By Negley Farson

"The greatest example of stability and soundness in English life is the one you least talk about—I mean the steadiness of your big industrial cities. No country in the world, with certain major export trades and markets permanently depleted, ever faced a more imperative demand for readjustment of its national life"

"The greatest miracle is the way the big trades, such as iron and steel and machinery, have thrown themselves into full gear to meet an eleventh-hour demand in this war"

"I know many of the fairy glens of Wales. But when I am in that part of the world it is not its beauty that most haunts me—it is the decent-living, earnest faces of the miners in the Rhondda Valley"

IN May 1930 I stood within a few feet of Motilal Nehru when he addressed the students of Bombay. He said: "Don't study history in the classroom—go out and *make* it in the streets!" This was in furtherance of Gandhi's civil disobedience campaign. Ten years later, when England was at war, the Pandit's son, Jawaharlal Nehru, known by some as a "red-hot, left-wing extremist," arose and asked the Indian Congress not to evoke the civil disobedience campaign. So did Gandhi. And this, to me, is a more momentous tribute to England's true democracy than any speech I have ever read from the House of Commons. It shows you what these men thought of England—when it came to a show-down.

For something like twenty-six years, in various parts of the world, I have been watching the Englishman in action. For fifteen of these years I was being paid for this congenial task, as a foreign correspondent. And I began, I have thought at times, by admiring all the wrong things. But as I have swung the circuit on many of these ideas—and come back to my original appreciations—let me try to give you some of the rise and fall and final clinching of my beliefs in England.

First, a belief that has never changed: I trust the *worthiness* of English workmanship. You build into your goods one of the best things in British character: durability. I had this hammered into me my first month in England. For I began life here in a chain-works in foggy Manchester, and one day I sent an order along for a foot of chain I wanted to send to the United States as a sample—I specified that particular care should be taken to see that every link was accurate—and that evening the boss blew into my office.

LAND!

"My first wonder, when I came to these shores, was the unbelievable way you had protected the beauty of your landscape. That I could walk for a whole day across the moors, and see no sign—nothing to mar them—until at last, tired and ready for it, I saw the white walls of my inn, glinting in the setting sun. I shall always keep those memories." On left: *a springtime picture near Sittingbourne, in Kent.* Above: *a meet of the South Devon Foxhounds amid the thatched cottages at Buckland Village, Dartmoor*

"How dare you!" he cried, banging the foot of chain down on my desk. "*A sample!* Every foot of my chain, young man, is as good as every other foot—and don't you dare forget it!"

As a business maxim I don't think it can be beaten. And for years afterwards, knocking about the world on British ships, I 'd often come on a fixture and think: "Well, an inch or two of brass could come off there," or "That 's too heavy—no need to waste material." And then I 'd think of that outraged old chain-director and have to smile—for here it was again: durability, worth, soundness. Nothing skimped. Things built to stand up to the trial of wind and weather.

And that (without putting the butter on too thickly) is the very essence of British character.

Well, so much for that.

I LIKE your pubs. This remark is neither pert nor irrelevant. The democracy of the British pub consists not in any one particular pub—but in the *thousands* of pubs, of *all* levels, to suit every stratum of British society. Why, in London alone there is not a man who cannot find somewhere a pub in which, if he sets himself, he cannot rise to becoming one day the local autocrat. His opinions, over his pint of bitter, can be accepted as the last word. He can have respectability, a congenial circle of companions, even fame. And I like the gorgeous way these pubs—for the humble people—are splattered about among the wealthiest sections of your residential community. That 's democracy—and very convenient.

I said this remark was not pert, because, when I first came over here I was exhilarated by the sight of the British workman in his pub. Back home, we had, for the workers, only the sawdust-floor variety. And, convivial as the company might be, at times it was not considered *quite* respectable. But here you have Bill and his Missus, and a workman who, I had been told, was getting half the pay of the American (and therefore should have been twice as miserable) getting at least as much, if not double, the solid enjoyment out of life.

It 's the amenities built up around these small social centres—the kindness, the joking, the occasional sprees of prodigality—it 's the little bits of fun like these which have built that good-natured, tolerant expression into the average British workman's face.

I admire the way the British workman takes the strain out of life. There is something so kindly and lovable about his sense of fun.

The other day I watched a dart match down at Grimsby—and there were half-a-dozen crews in from the trawlers of another nation (we won't say which)—and it was worth a quid to watch their expression as they wondered how the Englishman *could* get that amount of fun out of a few darts and a pint of beer!

(Continued on page 52)

"THESE TWO"

By
W. P. Lipscomb

The Story of Francie and David and how they Lived and Died in this so-called Year of Grace

IN this war, women don't give White Feathers to the men. They can't. For everyone recognises that a man cannot get into the Army, no matter how hard he tries, until he is actually called up.

But the women are giving each other White Feathers.

Yes, that is so. I was in England when the war broke out, and a girl I knew, a girl whom we will call Francie, had had several of them thrust upon her. I saw them. She had two in her handbag.

And it seemed very odd that this girl, of all people, should be singled out as a butt for the shafts of these offensive patriots. For she was so small, so slight and had a wistful quality which was very appealing. There were plenty of women who weren't in uniform, or doing anything apparently. Why single out this child?

But there were several reasons, as David explained to me. And David should know. David and Francie were very much in love—and that phrase covers all. They were even more than that—they were desperately in love, delightfully, you couldn't miss it—one glance at the two of them would tell you. It was just one of those things. Both of them could laugh at everything, enjoy themselves hugely in each other's company; but there was, definitely, a depth of affection there that could be sensed, even by strangers. It was so great that, I don't know why, instinctively one thought of tragedy—as one always does when anything seems almost too ideal.

Well, David explained the reason for the White Feathers. This was that Francie belonged to a well-known family, one of those families with Service traditions and a family of some importance; naturally, people expected her to be doing something. But then he reminded me of something I had heard vaguely but had forgotten. It seems that Francie had gone to Germany a year before the war. She had gone with relatives. Her relatives had been very British and very pompous and very critical of Germans. Because she was fed-up with their attitude, Francie had, out of sheer devilment, praised everything she saw. It was only a family wrangle, but because Francie was a member of a well-known family, her words had got into the newspapers. There had been silly headlines such as: "English Débutante Praises Nazi-Germany."

ALL these things meant nothing but gossip and comment at the time, but now they were being remembered. She and David had tried to laugh them off, but the persecution was getting beyond even being silly. And now that outsiders were taking it up, the family itself was getting alarmed. As David said, they were a very large family, very given to voicing their opinions very loudly. Her pompous brother in the War Office was particularly aggressive and a little comic; both her sisters were in uniform and lorded it over her; and the kid brother was openly ashamed of her. But they had got no change out of Francie.

Francie had made a report to him—or rather he had had to drag it out of her. She had tried to avoid the obvious conclusion; but when he had co-ordinated the items, she could no longer escape the inference.

"And if you think," she had said at last, "if you think I 'm going to rush into some peculiar uniform for the sake of showing off, you 're wrong. Someone has to stay at home and show a normal pair of legs, even if only to keep up the spirit of the troops. I 'm not going to run around in a funny little car waiting for a fire to happen, and I 'm not going to work on ambulances that the men have rejected as being too far gone for them to cope with."

Though she had put up this defence, criticism continued, multiplied by a hundred innuendoes, anonymous letters, and more feathers from would-be patriots.

And the irony of it all was (as we found out afterwards), Francie was really doing one hell of a job.

Yes, but she couldn't say what it was. For actually, amazing though it seems, little Francie had been connected with "M.I.5" for some months before war started. "M.I.5" is concerned

with Military Intelligence, Central Europe, and Francie's job was counter-espionage.

How she ever came to be such a thing is extraordinary—for obviously she was the last person in the world you would expect. Perhaps that was the reason. Indeed, I suppose that her simple naïve quality and rather wistful charm which proclaimed complete innocence of any artifice, must have seemed ideal for the purposes of the Secret Service. And then again, her father's house was a rendezvous for many well-known people at weekends—soldiers, statesmen, diplomats—they were all to be found there. And apparently the Secret Service had an eye on that house. Not that they had the slightest suspicion of Francie's father, but evidence pointed to a leakage somewhere; and after all, spies of any importance do not meet in secret cellars or hobnob under archways. The best ways to exchange views—or even secrets, if you have a mind to it, is in the open, at just such a place.

NOW let's be quite clear about it. I happen to know that little Francie never meant to get mixed up in counter-espionage, the whole thing must have been completely foreign to her nature. Apparently it started just as she came back from Germany that time. She began to "help," as the good Sir Basil Calcroft put it. It seemed to her then that she was just being polite to a very old friend of her father's, and someone very high up in the Foreign Office. All the things he asked her to do were just good fun—and it was a little exciting. It was rather like playing at "secrets" in dormitories at the high school. And it was generally only such things as a list of guests at a certain house where she had dined, just a matter of interest whether Mr. So-and-so seemed very occupied with Mr. Somebody-else. Yes, it was good fun at first, just play. Then, as far back as the Munich fiasco, it somehow ceased to be play and she suddenly found herself designated as KN/X. Even then it meant nothing very much to her—it was just a label, like a boy scout badge.

I think what hurt Francie more than anything was that she couldn't *talk* about her job to any one. And when I say any one—of course, I mean David. It must have been hateful for her to keep anything from him—they had always shared everything. This damned war.

It was after I had inadvertently become mixed up in the affair that Sir Basil reminded me of the day I saw her lunching with him at a restaurant in Jermyn Street. She had started the meal by almost bursting into tears—the attitude of her family and friends was getting her down, temporarily, anyway. He had tried to calm her. He told her she must face a little discomfort at home—just as a great many men were suffering discomfort abroad on the battle field.

"Have you any idea how unpleasant four brothers, three sisters and a kid can be? Besides the reproachful looks of father and mother, the butler, the maids, and even the boot boy?"

But he told her it was all to the good. And the fact that she was believed to have Nazi leanings a year ago, was also a good point; for there were Nazi—well, "sympathisers" in London who knew that. And he was quite sure they knew that her father's house was a rendezvous at weekends for many interesting people—where anything could be discussed.

Then she asked if she couldn't get into some kind of uniform and still work for him?

He told her she was extremely valuable as she was, that she wasn't to alter a thing—not even the charming hat she was wearing.

So she said she'd stick it out but that it was a little grisly trying to be gay under the circumstances. Couldn't he drop a hint at least to the family? And couldn't he get them to call off the dogs, as it were? After all, her father was a civil servant—shouldn't he know what his daughter was doing?

But that was impossible—her father's manner towards her would change perceptibly. No, she must just put up with the unpleasantness.

IT must have been about this time that I looked across the room and noticed the change that came over his face. Of course, I didn't know the reason for it at the time; but it was such a sudden transition that I wondered what on earth could have taken him by surprise like that. Apparently, on impulse, Francie had said, "Couldn't I tell David?"

She read refusal in his eyes and went on still more eagerly: "I hate keeping things from him—you know how we are together—couldn't we somehow take David into the fold? Couldn't you find a job for him? He's so clever, we get on so well, we're such a couple of idiots together—nobody would suspect either of us."

Sir Basil smiled enigmatically and asked her carelessly if David spoke German. She said he did. His German wasn't perfect by any means, even she could correct his grammar, but it was good enough.

Sir Basil didn't refuse to consider the question; he only temporised. It would have to wait until after the next week-end. He needed her aid. It was then that he walked her up and down the long covered corridor in Albany that leads from Piccadilly to Vigo Street. Here he gave her minute instructions for the next weekend in her father's house. He himself didn't wish to be there. But he told her that if she watched the right people carefully, *very* carefully—and he gave her the names—he was sure she would have something very

WHEN she looked back and waved farewell, I had a queer feeling that I was not going to see Francie again

interesting to report on Monday. Francie must have been excited, for his tone and manner conveyed (as he intended) that this was the big game.

It is very odd to think that I was at that weekend and never noticed a thing. But then how should I? To me it was just a party; but, for little Francie it must have been exciting; for she was behind the scenes, and the actions of people which would have seemed meaningless to me had special significance for her. It was a gay party, in spite of war. At least it was gay after David arrived. Up to then I certainly do remember that people had been standing round in groups rather cheerlessly and Francie's father was worried that his guests weren't going to "mix."

But David's cheerful good humour changed that at once. He was so completely different from the rest. He was a well-known sportsman, he had nothing to do with Army matters nor diplomacy nor anything controversial, and consequently he had no axe to grind; he could be friendly with everybody without the people feeling they had to watch their step.

It wasn't long before he and Francie had taken matters out of the hands of the staid servants and had distributed their own entirely original cocktail which tasted like fruit juice and had the kick of a mule. It was compounded by these two fools from a very simple recipe—a little of everything from all the bottles on the shelf. They christened it the "Barman's Breath." It was a great success. The two youngsters made a point of serving it themselves; and, indeed, played the fool very charmingly so that Francie's father saw the somewhat icy reserve of his guests transformed into liveliness. He patted David on the back.

By midnight everything still appeared to be normal—to me, at least. To Francie it was otherwise. Sir Basil was quite right, puzzling things did happen. She was seeing behind all this façade; undercurrents must have been going on which could only be sensed if you had the key to them. To her it must have been a play within a play.

And it must have been in the rather early hours of the morning that the horror began to dawn upon her. For the man she found herself watching most and whose behaviour most accorded with Sir Basil's prognostications —was David himself.

No doubt she fought it off many times, dismissed it as absurd; but she had to ask herself—was it really coincidence that all the people she was watching seemed to have special interest for David.

The only indication I had of something wrong was after I went with her into the garden. I wondered at the time what made her go out, for it was misty on the terrace and damned cold. As we passed a ridiculous little summer house we heard voices. They were speaking German—fluent German. There was nothing very much in that. We had various foreigners at the party—a Swedish baron, a Dane or Dutchman would naturally have the German language in common. But I thought I recognised the voice of one of them. Then I was sure. It was David. I didn't know then that Francie believed he only spoke German haltingly, as an Englishman, so it was no great surprise to me to hear him speak it perfectly. But when I glanced at her, her face went suddenly white. It must have come upon her then—why had he fooled her like this? How could her David of all people keep something from her? On top of all her other suspicions it must have been like the ground opening at her feet.

At the time I thought she had taken a chill or something, and I took her in and gave her a stiff drink which she seemed to need. But she looked at me queerly and said, "Please don't mention that incident—just for the present—I can't explain."

But the first inkling I ever had that something was really wrong, was when Sir Basil called me to lunch. He was charming. I felt very flattered. But soon I saw there was a motive. And I suppose if I had not had some sort of war record and had once achieved a job on the general staff he wouldn't have trusted me. As it was he pumped me for details of that weekend party. My replies must have seemed particularly uninformative —until we got to the summer house episode. It was then that he told me that, willy-nilly, he had been obliged to take me into his confidence. It was very important. There was a link here which was vital.

Apparently Francie had made a report to him—or rather he had had to drag it out of her. She had tried to avoid the obvious conclusion; but when he had co-ordinated the items she could no longer escape the inference. He said that the poor girl sat mute and helpless as the fact was thrust home—her David must be a spy in the pay of Germany. But why—how—and what for, she couldn't imagine. It was too terrible. Knowing David, I could understand her perplexity—he was the last person one would suspect. But then so was Francie the last person to be suspected on her side of the fence.

I said I supposed that Francie would be taken off the job now that David was involved. He looked very grave for a few seconds and fiddled with his glasses. Finally he said no, on the contrary. He had asked her if she wished to be relieved of duty. She had looked him straight in the eye and said no. And the only reason she could give was that she loved David so much she felt she must be there with him even if he were caught. Yes, she loved the boy so much that she felt she wanted to be with him, to see, to understand; there might be extenuating circumstances; somehow vaguely she might be able to help; it was like a mother who has to catch her child in the act of theft, the mother might hate doing it but she wouldn't let any one else do it.

"I don't think," said Sir Basil, "she expected me to understand. But I did."

"And you're going to trust her?"

He nodded. "But I have," he said, "reminded her of what may happen to many of her countrymen, her own people, if this project is not scotched in time. What it actually is I can't tell you yet—you may never know—only it's the biggest thing we've been up against and may very well involve thousands of lives—yes, literally, thousands. Francie knows that."

"But what will happen—if you catch him red-handed?"

"I don't know. But I can see it coming. It is inevitable. Yes, he will be caught—but not before we have the others who are in with him. Of her own personal tragedy—and his, we must not think. There are bigger issues at stake."

I DON'T suppose many women could have gone through such an ordeal as Francie in the next few days. Her part must have been terrible. Daily she had to meet the man she loved knowing that she could show nothing of her feelings, must make no change in her attitude, she had to watch him trust her absolutely —while she herself was noting every word and hoping and hoping that there was some mistake. Yet all the time she was working to encompass what might be his destruction. She loved him still—just as that mother would love the child when she knows he is contemplating a terrible crime and yet she can only wait and hope he will not commit them. David's sudden absences, the way he had to change dates, his moodiness which he had to put down to hangovers—must have all had terrible significance for her.

And although she was making this heroic endeavour for her country she was still being baited by her family and her friends who were still accusing her of lack of pride and patriotism, of being a shirker. But I expect by this time all their stabs in the back seemed only pin-pricks; for, in her mind day and night,

there would only have been one thought —David—David—David. What madness could ever have dragged him into the German Secret Service?

There is no need for me to go into the details of the actual espionage plot beyond saying this: It was concerned with sabotage on a grand scale, but sabotage timed to coincide with a great air raid which would give cover to the destruction and increase the confusion. London and the Thames Estuary were to be the main objectives. The scheme included the establishing of secret "posts," from sea to city, at one-mile intervals—posts that would be points of light to guide aircraft. There was also to be a chain of small radio sets installed at certain points to act as beacons (I think they call them) for invading aircraft. But with all this we are not concerned except insofar as David is involved. For it is with David and Francie we are concerned, David and Francie.

Now I'd better tell you what David's position actually was; for although we did not know it until afterwards it properly belongs here in the story.

Nobody thought of it at the time. We asked ourselves how on earth David of all people could come to be mixed up in it. The explanation was very simple. David had always regarded himself as English, but actually his mother and other members of his family were Austrian. They had never bothered to change their nationality. When war broke out his family had been held in Germany—suspect. Now they were in concentration camps. The degree of their ill-treatment depended largely on David. The German Secret Service saw a way to use him. They did. They made it very clear to him that any refusal on his part, any shirking of orders, any delinquency of duty would inevitably recoil upon his people. Nor was the poor boy alone in this. There were others in a similar plight.

This poor wretched group of men all had relatives, parents or loved ones in Germany. They must have been a pathetic group. When David and these boys had to meet to receive their orders their primary object was not how to further the ends of the German Secret Service, but how to exchange in whispers scraps of news from parents and relatives in concentration camps, discuss chances of getting them out. They were the least likely spies or saboteurs in the world; and, no doubt, they wished the scheme to fail utterly—so long as the failure wouldn't be laid at their door—with the consequent repercussions on their families in Germany. But meantime official Germany stood over them ready to take action at any signs of weakening on their part. Of all the members of this unhappy band probably David was the most closely watched.

It must have happened about this time that the German Secret Service got wind of the fact that they were being trailed. We found out later that they had all been warned—David especially—to look out for counter-spy KN/X. They didn't know who it was, but KN/X was considered the *(Continued on page 62)*

AND so it was in this place, this workman's dwelling, that the two lovers met

BOMBER ATTACK!

A Story of the Air Campaign in the Low Countries during May and June

(Above)
A FAIREY "Battle" bomber of the Royal Air Force on its way to bombing practice
(Below)
A BLENHEIM pulling out of a power dive. This is one of Britain's many powerful bombers

By Capt. H. C. Biard

(Schneider Trophy Winner and Test Pilot)

ZERO moment has come! For half an hour, the enemy bombers have been hurtling down from the zenith, spouting high explosive and a hail of lead, releasing huge bombs, and zooming up and round in ceaseless overwhelming attack on British soldiers in hastily dug trenches. "Spitfires," "Hurricanes," "Westlands" and "Defiants" have swooped at them like hawks; a score of fires and sullen spirals of smoke show where the attackers have been smashed to earth.

But this is only the overture; now there is a moment of deathly pause, and then the full orchestra of war will crash into a mad saraband.

This is *our* moment—the moment of the "Beaufort" bombers.

Twin-engined, burly, with power-operated gun turrets, they sweep up the skies like avenging angels; and, far below, from the battered British trenches, comes a thin Toytown cheering as the shadows pass.

The gunners huddle over their guns; the bomb sights are watched by a man, flat on the floor, biting his lip with excitement; the pilot, speaking mysterious figures through his telephone to the gunners, is easing the stick forward as the huge machine roars down in a power dive for the attack.

And, down there below, creeping and crawling and thundering and bumping across cratered ground, come the enemy tanks, straight at our infantry.

The scene is reminiscent of a return to primordial days—a vast herd of enormous saurians dragging their slimy, scaly bodies out of the earth's birth-swamps, attacked by gigantic carnivorous birds.

As the tanks advance, the sky darkens and the air staggers with the downward swoop of the "Beauforts," and din splits the ears. Down go the bombs and shells and storms of machine gun bullets, whipping solid earth into foam, sending volcanoes of rocks and soil spouting upwards, mixed with great gouts of twisted metal and broken armour plates. The earth reddens with stabs of shellfire from the tanks; and gleaming aeroplanes twist and crash in smoke-edged flames, and dodging tanks roll over and lie still and gaping, and little men like rabbits bolt out of them and try to run and are smashed flat, and figures fall flaring like human torches from stricken aircraft.

This time, the German attack technique—first bombers, then tanks, then infantry—is not going to run so smoothly. Against tiny nations like Poland, Belgium and Holland it was just a game to the Germans; but now they are to have a whole bottleful of their own medicine, and if they don't like what the doctor ordered—well, Doktor Adolf is still there to be shot at!

As the "Beaufort" goes over, bombs the size of armchairs hurtle down, and seem to bounce, and then burst in a flame-edged abyss of noise and scattered earth; and as each one is released, the aircraft bucks like a shying horse, and then the pilot takes her round in a tight turn to renew the attack.

It has all been done so often in manœuvres and practice; the British warplanes dive and turn and zoom and dive again as if attached by strings for Air Day displays, each in its exact position, heedless of the growling thunder of the guns below, and the red, white and orange puffs all round that carry death and destruction into the skies.

There must be several hundred tanks engaged in this sector alone—and they are getting hell! From the British trenches comes the throbbing pat-pat-pat of anti-tank guns; half a dozen colossal eighty-ton tanks that were leading the advance have crawled on to the concealed top of a tank pit and fallen headlong in, exploding mines at the bottom and being blown to glory in a series of muffled explosions that hurl forth molten iron and broken guns; and incessant as a thunderstorm the bombs pour down from the skies and blast and excavate the No Man's Land that the tanks incessantly try to cross.

From the smoke-stained skies, a thousand eyes peer anxiously down, and from the squadron leader's machines go signals that make the attack one terrifying, concerted movement sweeping about the skies at over (*Continued on page* 60)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

MORE first-hand testimony about that ex-housepainter for whom millions suffer and die, and the sacred soil of France is profaned and drenched in blood—this time from Vagabond Typist Ida Hurst, whose latest wanderings took her to New York, Germany, Prague, Danzig, Venice, on another live, laugh and love odyssey: "Dare to Live" (John Long, 16s.).

She says of a visit to a Munich beer hall: "Presently an insignificant little man marched on to the platform. It was the leader. He was so near I could have hit him with a catapault . . .

"Insignificant, his shoulders quite round and his head drooping—except when he was carried away by his speech—he might have been a clerk or a waiter."

Well, that's one woman's impression of the god of twentieth-century mechanised mass slaughter. Bow down to it, ye doped millions of Gœthe's, Beethoven's once-loved race!

She was also at a party with bomb-all-refugees Hermann Goering, "an ogre with somewhat daring dark eyes, and a sort of amiable, red-hot poppa expression." Fascinating, to see him sit down to hear an American girl croon a naughty song. "His enormous bottom hovered over a little spindly chair, like a barrage balloon, then descended, and the chair gave a tortured crack."

When she told him she was a journalist and wanted a scoop he divulged a plan to command the Gulf Stream: "It carries a warm current round the British Isles. Our laboratories are preparing millions of deadly germs which we shall liberate into this vast channel of water. The germs will all be carried towards the British Isles, and . . ."

"But wait," she protested. "The germs would die in the water."

He looked very sinister and knowing. "*Nein!* We think of everything. Every germ will be supplied with a paddle and a small canoe!"

Then someone persuaded him to do acrobatic stunts on the piano. Yes, he has a sense of humour, has Hermann. All those pitiful dead in Poland, Norway, Flanders, France, and the machine-gunned refugees, and the sunny, smashed towns and villages—they must be a great joke.

Miss Hurst has the compelling straight-from-life touch; hers is a vivid, breathless, exciting book, especially when she depicts anti-Nazi plotters in Prague and a headlong flight from bombed Poland.

MOST of us have fallen under the spell of the portrait known as "Whistler's Mother"—"the peaceful face framed in soft white, the folded hands, the repose with which she leans back in her chair." In its time it has been jeered at, sent on triumphal tours under armed guard, covered by a million-dollar insurance, reproduced as a postage stamp "with a bouquet thrust into the hands to please the florist," and even, I believe, as an advertisement with the caption: "Old age must come."

Miss Elizabeth Mumford tells her story in "Whistler's Mother" (Hutchinson, 16s.). She was Anna McNeill of a North Carolina family hailing from Barra Island after Culloden. She married George Whistler, U.S. army officer and railroad engineer, when he was a widower with three children, and the artist of the Chelsea Nocturnes was the eldest of this second marriage. "Jemie" changed his names James Abbott to James McNeill, not only to honour his mother, but because "it seemed hardly prudent for a talkative young man to carry to school the initials J. A. W."

She once wrote of her husband: "George always shrank from debt, and oh may it be thus with his sons!" but when she was nearing seventy, and Jemie preparing his first one-man show in Pall Mall, the Whistler household in Chelsea was "nearly always three jumps behind the duns." He rented the gallery, we learn, and decorated it to his taste. "He tinted the walls in the colours that would enhance the values of his pictures, and he 'landscaped' the rooms with potted plants at strategic spots to create pleasant vistas as well as to show his scorn for the bleakness of the usual exhibition rooms of the period," while she, as fast as she could copy them, "drew the butterfly signatures on invitations of Jemie's own design, addressed them, and sent them out."

This is a gracious book because it evokes, (*Continued on page* 58)

The Book of the Month

"Fame is the Spur," by Howard Spring. (Collins, 9s. 6d.)

THIS might be called the Lib.-Lab.-Suffragette Forsyte Saga: half a century of England's teeming social and political life pivoted on the career of Hamer Shawcross, his climb from the Manchester back streets to cabinet rank, his wife Ann's heroic share in it as loyal partner and militant suffragette.

Range, breadth, background, characterisation are prodigious—almost Rembrandt portraits on Joseph Pennell industrial townscapes. Arrogant, pushing, orating Hamer and spirited Ann would be creation enough for most novelists; Mr. Spring crowds his 680-page canvas with labour leaders, statesmen, millworkers, miners, aristocrats, the challenge to the landed class, birth and rise of the Labour Party, suffrage movement, 1914 war, post-war unemployment, pit disasters, the Welsh miners' march to London, the whole pageant of a dynamic Britain sweeping on towards its present dire trials.

But even this is not enough. There are cut-backs to the Peterloo riots of 1819 in which dragoons charge cotton operatives, to characters like the Regency buck Lord Lostwithiel who dares death for a wager, driving a four-in-hand through the night. There are idyllic interludes: Hamer and Ann's wedding night, snow muffled in a hut on the Yorkshire moors; her last illness in the Harz Mountains at apple-blossom time when the earth sings of beauty and youth; his lone return to the hut and its memories in after years.

So good is this novel that I shouldn't object if Mr. Spring returned to the *Evening Standard* specially to make it his own book of the month. Of all his significant choices, this would be the best! It offers that complete absorption which is blessed forgetfulness for war's black-out nights.

WHEN she commissioned the picture she had not supposed that she would fall in love with the painter

By Ursula Bloom

Which Needed most Courage—the Obeying or Disobeying of

The Thane Tradition

IT was like Roger to insist that Jean should visit his aunt at the family mansion at precisely this moment. She stood in the austere bedroom, where at least five generations of Thane grandmothers must have died, and she glanced out at the ruined castle on the hill. She had not wanted to come, and she hated this stolid, dignified view; it made her feel foolish. She hated the stiff puce hangings and the over-patterned carpet, with the pregnant-looking chests and the cinder fire burning so warmly in the grate. It was of another world, the Thane world into which she should never have trespassed. She knew that now.

She took off her hat, and smoothed her hair in its flat Edwardian curls. Roger was ten years her senior, and ten years too old for her. Once she had believed that she loved him. What a fool! His strength and reliability had attracted her; then she had not realised that he would turn stodgy and pedantic.

She sat down before a dressing-table, which was flounced with puce petticoats like a Victorian débutante. The last of the sunlight lit the castle wall beyond the window, and the trees in the garden stirred with the wind which was blowing up for the evening. Every one of the trees was called after the Thane who had planted it. For every heir born to the Thanes a tree had been set. Another of their silly ideas! Aunt Veronica stood by the gate, Grandpapa Thane along the path, and opposite this window was the tall oak planted by Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane had been the idiot who, having married stolid Uncle Robert, had fallen headlong in love with the schoolmaster at the top of the road, yet had not had the sense to run off with him. She had sacrificed her life to the Thane tradition, and had lived to set a tree for her son, and to die in this house; in this very room, as like as not!

Jean took out the turquoise frock with the silver maple leaves, in vigorous contrast to this setting; she wanted to be startling. She

QUITE suddenly she crumpled on to the hideously patterned carpet

should have told Roger straightforwardly that she would not come here, but somehow she had not been able to summon up the courage. Now she had to go through with the visit, and surprise them afterwards.

She walked across the spacious landing, down the shallow stairs which flowed into the hall. A maid was serving sherry in the library (Aunt Evelyn never thought of cocktails, she abided by the mid-Vic. standards. Nothing here had got as far even as Ed.-Seven !).

"Sherry, my dear?" asked Aunt Evelyn, in her moiré frock, which buttoned modestly to the neck, from which looped the gold locket on a solid chain. (The sovereign is worth thirty-seven and six these days, why doesn't the old idiot pop the thing? thought Jean.)

"Thanks."

SHE sat down beside the fire, amused to find herself so much out of place in this setting. Ancestors looked down on her from the walls, sombre books glowed behind the leaded lights of their cases. She could see the castle beyond the window, with the light dying on its walls, still strong as they had been when, almost a thousand years ago, they had been built.

"Funny how the old place sticks up !" she said to Aunt Evelyn. "You'd have thought the castle would have flopped ages ago."

"It is the way it was built; the hearts of the workers were in their hands."

"Yes, quite !" So like Aunt Evelyn ! It could not have availed the workers very much to know that a thousand years hence the walls of their castle would still stand.

"We are doing a lot of work here," said Aunt Evelyn, "I'm afraid there is a committee meeting to-night, it may bore you. What have you been doing?"

Jean had not done much, one or two meetings, and once she had accepted purses for a charity because Roger liked her to "do her bit," but just recently her life had been so much occupied with Keith that there had been little time for war work. It was a dull war, anyway. Roger had been so busy that Jean had had to find some amusement. When she commissioned the portrait, she had not supposed that she would fall in love with the painter. It was one of those things that happened.

"It is everybody's duty . . ." began Aunt Evelyn. The Thanes abided by duty, and it had got them exactly nowhere. Jean glanced at the walls glowing with the red and blue uniforms and the gold of medals. Very praiseworthy, she thought, but emotions are lovelier than brave deeds, and surely suffering in battle is the mug's game? She must inquire after the son of the house.

"How's Kenrick ?" she asked.

"He is getting on well, thinks the war will be over sooner than we suppose."

The gong sounded like the crack of doom, as the same gong had sounded since William the Fourth had died, Jean supposed. They went into the dining-room and sat on either side of a big table. An epergne frothed maidenhair and Maréchal Neil roses; solemn maids moved from a giant sideboard with large silver dishes, in which very little food lay, because the rationing was rigorously adhered to.

"There is a horrid wind getting up, and Aunt Veronica is none too safe," remarked Aunt Evelyn.

Jean realised that she was speaking of the fir tree. "It's bad luck when a tree falls," she said.

"Oh, no. The year great-grandpapa's elm fell down, Kenrick was born. When a tree falls, a new heir comes."

"But Kenrick isn't married."

"I know. I do regret that. He ought to have married before he went to the front, but there wasn't anybody he cared for enough." Aunt Evelyn glanced at Jean. She knew that she ought to have had a child, Roger was the next heir and they had been married for four years. All the same she was glad that she had steered clear of that encumbrance. It made the future so much easier. (*Continued on page* 65)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

EXPORT

By Captain

A CONVOY of twenty-four merchantmen steaming ahead with lifeboats outswung for instant action, while escorting warships keep a sharp look out for lurking enemy submarines and bombing aircraft

IT requires a personal, open-eyed visit to dockland to understand how Britain's export trade is flourishing. Apart from the defensive guns ornamenting every freighter's stern, and the strongly protected navigation bridges, the Merchant Navy of war days differs, to outward appearance, but little from that of the piping times of peace. Except, maybe, that it works with an added snap and forthrightness that is a tonic to the faint-hearted and an inspiration to such as have faith in the ultimate victory of freedom over slavery.

Most of the Merchant Navy's limelight has been directed towards its untiring determination to keep this island kingdom supplied with the main essentials of combatant life: food for the ever-hungry millions of human mouths, food for the blast furnaces, wood pulp to feed the roaring presses whose daily utterances set the tune to which we shall dance on each succeeding day. There are no words adequate to praise the men and the ships that enter our ports in a steady, opulent stream, disregarding all the monstrous hazards of to-day's seafaring. But these ships are two-way shuttles—they come, they also go; and it is thanks to their outward voyages that we are permitted to continue this grim, this ferocious struggle for continued existence as a democratic, liberty-loving race. Our outward trade is the arterial blood in Britain's body. The miracle is that, with such a concentrated effort of destructiveness monopolising the national mind, the export flow should be, to all intent, so strong and undisturbed.

Only yesterday a close relative invited me to dockland. I hope to convey an impression of that visit so that such Jeremiahs as talk of imperial bankruptcy may see through my eyes how far that prospect is removed from the real thing. From bus-stop to close-guarded dock gate reached an unbroken, ever-lengthening double line of heavy motor trucks, each one laden to bursting point: each one flattening its springs: with the product of British hands and brains. You'd say, at a hasty guess, that there was material there to satiate an empire; yet, so they told me, that stream seldom ceases, by day or by night. Truck after truck entered the gates, submitted to quick, expert inspection by properly detailed guards—for the problem of sabotage is always in men's minds these Fifth-Column days—and

THE ports of Britain are still crowded with scenes such as this —large stores being unloaded into this country from packed decks

TRADE

Britain's Wealth streams out to all the World—Submarines or not

Frank H. Shaw

fumed on, as if eager to rid themselves of their groaning loads so that they might hasten back to the fountain-heads and collect other, and yet other and other loads; all as good as so much minted gold in the markets of the outer world.

As of old, in the inevitable spells of waiting, the drivers joked in inimitable Cockney insouciance; they bemoaned the temporary idlenesses; but instead—as of old—indicting capitalist employers or paper-backed stevedores, they kept their swiftest, keenest shafts for "that there 'Itler!" The Führer must have suffered a knock-out blow to his hysterical vanity had he been permitted to hear Dockland's private, unbowdlerised opinion of himself and his insane ambitions. My instant thought was: A race who can accept the Dunkirk evacuation in this spirit is impossible to defeat.

One-time fisherman—he is now the proud member of a minesweeper's gun crew. Setting the fuse of a 12-pounder shell—and praying it will reach its mark.

It can be knocked over the ropes time after time, but, no matter what punishment it is required to take, it comes back always: and each time its smile is a little more set, a little more resolute. The knock-out blow is seldom administered in Round Number One, those hard faces seemed to say. Second wind is a possession worth having. When we get it—look out!

My relative's ship is a lovely craft. She is no ladylike liner; just an honest-to-God freighter; but such as planned and built her must have had that inner vision which sees ahead of the immediate years. A finer type of wartime ship it would be impossible to imagine. She returned recently from the East with a bursting freight of prime essentials: the venous blood returning to the Imperial heart to be transmuted into concrete effort for victory. She had brought rare ores for toughening steel; rare woods for transport waggon wheels, rubber for wartime use, and the thousand-and-one commodities the whole wide world has to offer a customer prepared to pay his way honestly. Her inward manifest was a revelation, as showing the resources the world has to offer. Her outward manifest was no less revealing—as proving our capacity to pay our current bills: not with gold, but with created goods the greedy world demands to ensure its continued progress.

This gallant ship measured some eight thousand tons. Outwardly she showed as starkly workmanlike as a tank; there were no frills and gingerbread work. Her slim bow flared like that of an ocean greyhound. There was a lean keenness about her that spoke of speed plus economy.

"None of your lumbering ten-knotters!" said her captain proudly. "Sixteen-seventeen if we sight a U-boat!" How many of Germany's vaunted submarines can exceed that speed, even on the surface? Seventeen knots can show a clean pair of heels to that kind of pursuit; more especially when it is considered that, in the ultimate emergency, thanks to faithful Clydeside workmanship in her engine-room, and thanks to staunch service on the part of her "Black Squad," (*Continued on page 56*)

Instead of a holiday

Thousands of men and women are staying at their posts this year at a time when they would normally be shedding every care and commitment and departing light-foot on holiday.

Now, since a break is essential to well-being, and a stretch of lazy, sunlit days is out of the question, the point is how to make the most of any day off so as to revitalise body and mind and resume work with efficiency.

To achieve this, you will have to plan your day off meticulously. Yet paradoxically, and in essentials, it must be an unplanned, carefree, easy day, but not an empty one. That is the crux of the matter. If it is empty, at the end of it you will be feeling depleted, dissatisfied: if it is filled with difference you will be full of energy.

Aim for a change of surroundings, especially if you can slip off into the open air and country. But even a quiet day in your own home will work wonders, providing you spend it in a different way.

If your whole week is sandwiched into a high-pressure time-table, don't tabulate your day off with a crowd of appointments in order to clear up private affairs. That would be working overtime with a vengeance. Obviously, what you need for recuperation is freedom from engagements, leisure in which to taste time, instead of knowing only rush; and the minutes ticking into eternity, instead of pushing against hours that strike with irrevocable finality.

Yet you cannot flop out. That would throw the motors of your being out of action, whereas what is desired is to place them on charge, instead of discharging. For this, your plan starts on the evening before your day off, with specialised stimulation in the shape of that age-old Egyptian, Greco-Roman remedy—an anti-toxic bath.

So if you come home dead-beat, don't roll straight into bed in search of oblivion. If you do you will have a *toxic* sleep. The fatigue acids that have been generated will crystallise in you all the more firmly, as you will sleep on next morning.

Whatever the effort, treat yourself to a bath that will draw out fatigue. Pour in a packet of lime-blossom or pine-needle salts. Lime-blossom, if your nerves are frayed and you need soothing; pine-needles, if you're soggy and require stimulation. Or, if you have neither in the house, dissolve half a pound of Epsom salts; again, if that is lacking, have a handful of washing soda. Any of these will alkalise your pores and clear existing secretions, as well as help to neutralise subsequent perspiration for over twenty-four hours.

Soak and hot-up the bath over a period of twenty minutes. Next, after cooling and drying off carefully, have a thoroughly good friction with Yardley's Eau de Cologne, and if this skin-livener is not available, slip methylated spirit down your back between the shoulders and round under your arm-pits. It will prove most reviving.

Then slide into bed between linen sheets. Accent on the linen, please. Cotton will do nothing for you. Linen is cooling, aseptic, health-giving, and, if you are doing without a holiday, your health demands that you should treat yourself to linen sheets. Then, with a prayer that you won't be disturbed by raiders in the night, sleep.

Cosset yourself in the morning and have breakfast in bed when you feel like it, not at any set time.

Have one of two kinds of tea. If you are thin, an Orange Pekoe India tea, with cream. If you are well-covered, a Russian blend with a slice of lemon in it. The latter is like a liqueur. It is made in an earthenware teapot, one teaspoonful to half a pint of water, left to stand for five minutes. The result is an infusion. Half a cup is poured out and topped with hot water. Water is also added to the pot every time a half-cup is withdrawn. No brew could be a gentler or quicker restorative. Fruit should be eaten with it: a peach for preference.

Brown bread and honey go best with the Orange Pekoe, as honey and cream blend well, and honey soothes the nerves (Continued on page 54.)

HAPPY ENDINGS

Hands delicate as lilies, feet as butterflies . . . . they're rare, but are still to be seen and admired. Moreover, and this is curious, they usually belong to quite capable women—even to some who do their own housework. The secret is that these women put themselves out to give their extremities extra care. They know that the hall-mark of perfection lies in a happy ending. They know that a weather-worn, swollen hand hurts, as does a burning foot and a swollen ankle, physically, mentally and spiritually, and stamps the owner as being unfastidious, for it requires so little attention to see that neither occurs.

If your hands have been passing in and out of water all day, or straining at the wheel of a lorry, or lifting a pitchfork, knuckles will not be as slim as they might be. There will also be a tendency for the wrist and forearm to be badly swollen.

As soon as work is over, slip on a paste of flour-and-water, like a mask, over the affected parts, forearm first, palm of the hand last. See that there are no holes or thin places in the paste. It will dry and peel in twenty minutes, taking the swelling with it.

If the hands are bruised, sleep in white cotton gloves soaked in Pond's Extract, especially if the hands have been subjected to great muscular exertion. The witch-hazel in the Pond's will remove all inflammation, soothe. It dries in a very short time.

Feeding the hands is imperative. They get more wear than any part of the body and are more neglected. A good plan is to slip a non-sticky balm over them each time you wash; the very movement of working-in this emollient, down the fingers and firmly over the knuckles, across the back and round the wrist, moulds the hands.

Slimness and smooth fairness are assured, and, owing to this care, hands will stand proof against any exposure to water, weather or work.

A touch of white iodine at the base of the nails so strengthens them as to prevent cracking or peeling, even if you have to do weeding or digging, and will act as a defensive base against the drying effects of nail varnish. Never be without it. Use a cuticle cream every now and again at night. This also nourishes the nail and keeps it oiled, as the nail is soft under the cuticle and can absorb. Never snip your cuticle if you wish it to stay close.

The length and colour of your nails accentuates the slimness of your hands. The three main points to remember about manicure are: the more prominent and high-curved the moon, the more almond-shaped the nail, the finer the finger.

As a long, narrow finger-nail is the aim, the higher the sides of nails are allowed to grow up and away on to the ball of the finger, instead of being filed steeply down from the centre point to the cuticle, the narrower the nails will appear. The healthier they will be also, as the quicks on the sides will be shielded. Stronger, too; better to look at, even when unvarnished. In fact, this leads to an altogether more comfortable and happier ending. Observe it.

When you varnish, be careful to blend the colour to the skin-tone of your hand, as if you don't, instead of elongating, the effect will be to foreshorten by cutting the hand at the nail.

To improve the flexibility of your hands, exercise them. The more you twist round to either way at the wrists, the thinner these will become. The more you pull each finger at its joints, the less likely are knuckles ever to become bulgy. Roll up your fingers and stretch them as though they were traction caterpillars. Play with them. The more flexible your hands the more expressive, and the more expressive, the more memorable.

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

You have been standing on your feet all day: they burn, ankles are lapping over the sides of your shoes, or they have become so large that ankle and heel are one. Plunge them in a gallon of hot water to which has been added either half a pint of vinegar or half a pound of Epsom salts. (Keep this solution aside if you can, to re-heat as many times as may be required.)

Congestion and burning will vanish, but an ache may remain, probably in the ball of the foot. Soak a cotton-wool pad in Pond's Extract, or methylated spirit, press it into the foot an inch behind the middle toe, bandage; sleep with the feet on a pillow. Next morning massage the feet with methylated spirit, dust the soles with boracic powder. You will be able to stand all day without a twinge.

Bunions, corns and callouses, all the distressing outcrops on feet, are largely caused through ill-fitting shoes. A bunion is an exaggerated, and consequently mis-shapen, toe-knuckle, said to be hereditary, but quickly aggravated by short shoes or socks. Corns are due to chafing or pinching by shoes. Callouses come from uric acid: but when they appear in the ball of the (Continued on page 54.)

These

Famous Faces

Yesterday and To-day

By Margaret Chute

BACK in the distant days of silent films, when the dawn came to mark a happy ending for hero and heroine, while old man villain chewed his moustache in frenzy as he rode away into the prairie, foiled again, I knew a girl with red hair, many freckles, green-blue eyes and a tip-tilted nose. Her name was Myrna Loy. It is still Myrna Loy for business purposes, though in private life it has been changed to Myrna Hornblow.

That girl with the red hair and freckles was fighting her way through a string of vamps and villainesses; slant-eyed sirens whose sole endeavour was to make the heroine as miserable as possible. In the intervals she was driving rapidly to Santa Monica Beach, there to pose in the strangest bathing costumes for any kind of publicity-still the vivid inventive powers of a publicity man could think up. And in her inmost soul that girl was staging one long fight against the things she was being called upon to do, and the rôles she was being instructed to act, in order to prove herself worthy of the name of film star.

Poor Myrna! I can see her now, in a black wig with a bunch of exotic flowers clapped over each ear, and a brightly coloured sarong encasing her shapely limbs, submitting with a smile to the ministrations of a make-up girl armed with a gun. At least, it wasn't a real gun; film players just call it that, because it shoots a stream of dark-brown paint all over them when they play "coloured" rôles. It's a spray or a pump, and it gives arms, necks, and body that nice even tan the camera likes so much.

Then Myrna Loy met Arthur Hornblow; and he told her she was not an exotic siren, but a clever comedienne. Which was something she had suspected in her private heart for a long time. That is how Myrna broke away from the vamp characters she detested so heartily, and became the crisp,

1. Norma Shearer in an early screen rôle, showing the poised intelligence for which she is now famous
2. Joan Crawford as the film world first knew her—the Hollywood Dance Contest Queen
3. To-day, Myrna Loy, playing straight rôles, is popular for her charming sense of fun and humour
3a. When she started in films she was always featured as the evil siren of the piece
4. A recent study of Joan Crawford, showing her new poise and dramatic presence
4a. Before she became a star she was one of Hollywood's noisiest young careerists
5. Apart from a certain modern glamour, Norma Shearer has changed less than most stars
5a. Only the fashion and make-up style show that this is a picture of Norma at the beginning of her career
6. One of the most famous personalities of the screen—Garbo—as she is to-day

brisk, full-of-humour star we applaud to-day.

IN 1927, a girl called Jane Peters changed her name to Carol Lombard, and worked as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Carol, too, endured the beach-publicity-picture phase, liking it as little as Myrna Loy. Then she went to the old Fox Studios and was typed as an *ingénue*, which always handed her a big laugh. After that she was given a contract to work at the Pathé Studios, on Washington Boulevard, and it was there I first knew her.

By a strange coincidence an actor named Clark Gable was at the same studio, at the same time, trying to get a few good breaks, and missing them. But Carol and Clark did not meet, in their Pathé days. It was not until Carol had added that "e" to her name, for reasons connected with numerology and good luck, that Clark Gable was borrowed by Paramount from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to be her leading man in *No Man of Her Own*. To-day they are Mr. and Mrs. Gable. When I rejoice over their real-life romance I often remember that row of white-walled dressing-rooms, at the Pathé Studios, and Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable passing each other on the veranda that runs the whole length of the rooms, without even saying "Hallo, there!"

In those days Carol, without the "e," was considered too plump. She was told to diet, and many fine afternoons I heard her shouts and groans when Sylvia, Hollywood's famous star masseuse, pounded off unwanted pounds from the luscious Miss Lombard, in the tiny massage room at the far end of the dressing-room building. Frankly, at that time Carol did not care such a lot about being a good actress. She had no idea she possessed any true acting ability. All she wanted to do was to earn a reasonably good income, by showing her face and her figure to the camera—even if it meant stopping a lot of custard pies. When friends hinted that she was the kind of stuff of which stars are made, Carol just threw back her head, and gave one of those famous, hearty Lombard laughs. But the talent was there, all right; and her contract with Paramount revealed her as a great deal more than a mere clothes horse and a still-cameraman's dream. Suddenly, it was apparent that Carole Lombard could act. She has been acting ever since.

Garbo, the Swedish actress whose first name is Greta, was nothing to set any kind of river on fire when she first strode into Hollywood, late in July, 1925. Untidy hair, showing no special beauty of colour or texture. Unsmart, carelessly worn clothes. Uneven teeth, and a complexion that had little to recommend it. In June, 1926, I saw Garbo for the first time in the flesh. Even in those few months a marked change had taken place in her appearance.

Her hair was well-tended, and shone like fine golden silk. Her teeth had received a lot of careful attention; her skin was smooth and soft. But my own impression was that she was a very unhappy, lonely girl, giving way to nerves and a certain amount of bad temper, simply because of her private misery, which was tearing her heart to bits. I watched her at work on her first American film, *The Torrent*, when Antonio Moreno, the Spanish star, was all-important, and Garbo was merely "that lanky Swede." But the film raised her to a star's position overnight; and the following year, when she was making *The Flesh and the Devil* with John Gilbert, it was a very different Garbo who faced the cameras with confidence, and pursued an off-stage romance with the (*Continued on page* 60)

6a. Here Garbo was only a beginner but Hollywood had already added polish to the lanky Swedish actress
7. Loretta Young still keeps a sweet innocence and rather serious mien
7a. When this photograph was taken she was only fifteen, and getting her first film chance
8. The Carole Lombard of to-day has finesse as an actress and as a beauty
8a. Carole as she used to be—curves, good humour, and not too ambitious
9. Claudette Colbert has not changed much in the last few years
9a. But few would recognise this as a study of Claudette. It was taken about ten years ago
10. Bette Davis has won many medals for acting, developing, from film to film, into her present personality
10a. Ten years ago Bette Davis appeared like this

I Should Know

I SHOULD know better. Mind you, it isn't very much comfort to say that to myself now. But there's no doubt about it. This time the drinks are on *me*.

My lawyer says with luck I'll get away with about four years. He calls that *luck!*

Mind you, there's a damn funny side to this story. I suppose I can say with a proper amount of pride that I was considered the best confidence man in the western hemisphere, but when I told you that the drinks were on me I meant what I said, because the funny part of this thing is that I've never been picked up for doing a job in my life, and now they have got me, they've got me for something I *didn't* do. Put yourself in my place and try to laugh that one off.

IT was a lovely June afternoon. The car was singing along the road, with the engine making that purring note that delights the heart of a keen motorist—I'm a keen motorist. It was a new car—a Hispano Suiza—I had just run it in. I'd got my luggage back in the boot. I had £250 in my pocket and I had £36,000 in the bank. Well, you tell me what more a man could want. But, of course, I wasn't satisfied. I had to look for a little trouble.

I can remember whistling to myself when I drove down the road past the Eastbourne Golf Club. I thought I'd stay at Eastbourne just for two or three days. I'm rather fond of Eastbourne. When I got inside the town I was thirsty and I needed petrol. I pulled up at a garage. While they were filling the tank I walked round the corner into the cocktail bar of Grants Hotel. I ordered a whisky and soda. I was drinking it when somebody touched me on the arm. I looked round. It was Gringall.

Gringall, I should tell you, is a detective inspector at Scotland Yard. He's always been rather disappointed about me.

He said: "Hello, Steve. How's it going?"

I said: "It's going very nicely, Gringall. Have a drink?"

He looked at me for a moment. Then he said:

"All right, I will."

I ordered a double whisky and soda. Then he said:

"You know, Steve, you ought to retire."

I smiled at him. I asked:

"Really! You tell me why."

He lit a cigarette and looked at the glowing tip of it before he answered. Then he said:

"You're slipping, Steve. You're losing your technique."

I looked horrified.

"No?" I said. "Not really? Tell me how and when and why."

He finished his whisky and put the glass down.

"I'll tell you," he said with a grin. "Two weeks ago you took an American millionaire named Marvin for £36,000. He was staying at the Savoy Hotel. You used one of the oldest plays in the world to separate that mug from his money. Your technique was so old-fashioned that it almost creaked."

I raised my eyebrows.

"You don't say, Gringall?" I said, but I wasn't feeling *quite* so good.

"You don't have to worry, Steve," he went on. "I'm going to admit that I was very disappointed about that Marvin. We'd got the whole case in the bag. I was looking forward to coming round to see you, to tap you on the shoulder and take you inside. And then at the last moment he walked out on us. He wouldn't prosecute."

My heart had been thumping considerably. Now it began to quieten down a bit.

Gringall said: "You're a lucky cuss, Steve, aren't you? It seems that Marvin had just got himself engaged to a very nice American girl about half his own age. He thought that if he prosecuted you, when she read the story in the papers she'd laugh her head off at his being taken for a sucker on that old trick you pulled on him, so he decided he'd rather lose the £36,000 and let you get away with it. You are a lucky fellow, aren't you, Steve?"

I didn't say anything. Then I asked him if he'd have another whisky and soda. He said no. I ordered one for myself. I felt I needed it. Was that a close shave or was it! I can remember picking the glass up off the bar and looking through the amber coloured liquid inside it, and saying to myself: "Steven, my lad, this is where you *do* retire."

Better

When a "Confidence Man" falls for a Trick—it has to be Good . . .

By Peter Cheyney

"GODFREY . . . My god! My dear . . . after all these years!"

I said to Gringall: "Well, life's a funny thing. Anyway, nothing matters, Gringall, because I can tell you I definitely am retiring."

He grinned at me. He's got an insolent sort of grin. He said:

"Oh, yes! What are you going to do?"

"I'll tell you," I said. "I'm going to stay at the Splendide here in Eastbourne for a few days. Then I'm going to look around for an attractive little cottage somewhere. I'll take it, live there and play golf for six months, decide exactly what business I'm going into. I rather think I'll go into the car business. I like motor cars."

He said: "No, you won't, Steve. You're a confidence man. You've been a 'con' man for fifteen years and you've got away with it. It's the salt of life to you, that game. You could no more give it up than I could give up being a 'blue-ink.' You'll go on being a 'con' man and you'll slip up, and the next time you slip, as sure as God made little green apples, I'm going to have you."

I finished my whisky and soda. I said:

"No, you won't, Gringall. I told you I was retiring. In a year's time I'll probably be lord of the manor some place, and you'll touch your hat when you see me and curtsy."

He put on his hat. As he turned away, he said:

"Like hell I will. I'll have you inside, Steve, before I'm through with you."

I'd been at the Splendide for three days. I'd played golf and driven the car around and enjoyed life generally.

It was on the Thursday, when I was having lunch, that she came into the dining-room. She was the sort of woman who made you catch your breath. I'll try and give you an entirely inadequate description of her.

SHE was tall—but not too tall—and willowy, and she moved with an amazing grace that is quite indescribable. She had ash blonde hair, violet eyes—big violet eyes with long lashes, and a rather serious and remote air that was—in these days of too-obvious *oomph*—quite alluring.

I'd seen her arrive just before lunch, and I suppose it was my professional curiosity that made me interested in her. That she was well blessed with this world's goods was obvious. She arrived in a 1939 Rolls sports car and her luggage was right off the top shelf.

I was standing in the hotel foyer when she came in. She went to the desk to register and as she took the pen in her hand she saw me. She looked at me for what seemed a very long time. Then she put the pen down and turned and looked through the doorway out towards the sea. Then she picked up the pen and registered. She was smiling—a lovely remote sort of smile. Then she went over to the lift.

When she'd gone I walked over and looked at the register. I saw that she was Miss Paula Galloway, and that she lived at Haddenham. Then I went in to lunch.

The dining-room at the Splendide is a big room. There were quite a few people in it, and they were all so busy looking at her when she came in that I thought I might as well look too. She was one of those women that you couldn't help looking at even if it is rude to stare.

The head waiter showed her to a table in the corner. When she sat down she looked round the room and she saw me. She looked straight at me and then, without any hesitation, she came straight across to my table and sat down in the vacant chair. She said:

"Godfrey . . . My god! My dear . . . after all these years!"

I ask you! So I was Godfrey. I was her dear and after all these years!

I summoned up my most attractive smile, my most charming voice. I used all the technique that I usually bestow on the less cultured American gents that I used to separate so successfully from their bank rolls.

I said: "I'm terribly sorry to tell you that you're making a mistake. My name isn't Godfrey, and its just part of my appalling luck that I'm not. I——"

She interrupted me. She put out her hand—the ring on the engagement finger was worth about £1,000—and said softly:

"My dear, you *are* Godfrey. The tragedy is that you don't remember. I *couldn't* be mistaken about you. It's impossible. I've known all these five weary years that I'd find you. I came

over from Haddenham just to be here for a few days and think about you, and because we'd been so happy here."

Well. . . . I stalled. How could I help it. As a "con" man of ten years standing I *had* to. This might be the best bit of business I'd ever done.

I said to her: "Tell me something. Why are you so certain that I'm Godfrey? And why wouldn't I know that I was Godfrey? Why do I think I'm someone else, Miss Galloway?"

She turned the full blast of those two lovely eyes on me and smiled. I felt my toes beginning to curl up. She said very softly:

"How do you know I'm Miss Galloway —Godfrey?"

"I looked at the hotel register," I replied brightly.

"Exactly," she said. "And you did that because you were interested in me. D'you know *why* you are interested, darling?"

I didn't say anything. She held out the finger with the engagement ring on it and she said:

"You were interested because your brain was *trying* to remember. It was trying *so hard* to remember that you are the man who put that ring on my finger, the man who I was about to marry. The man who I'm *going* to marry, and how do you like that, sweet?"

I said: "I like it a lot but I still don't understand. And I still don't believe I'm Godfrey."

She smiled again. Then she murmured: "Of course you don't. Please listen carefully to what I have to say."

I listened.

"Five years ago," she began, "you and I were engaged to be married. I think we were the two happiest people in the whole world. Your name was and is Captain Godfrey Ferring. You fought with the Australians in the first part of the Great War and afterwards with the Royal Flying Corps. You were mad keen on flying.

"When I met you, you were very broke and terribly attractive—as you still are. You spent your last money on my engagement ring." She flashed a quick smile at me. "But you had a first-class carburettor which you had invented, and when I showed it to daddy, he said at once that it was a winner and that he'd use it on the new racing car the factory was building then. Of course you don't remember that daddy agreed to pay you twenty thousand for the patent rights in the carburettor, and you don't remember—my poor darling—that you haven't received a penny of the money and that it's still waiting for you."

I pinched myself under the table. This was *good!*

She looked away towards the window. I could see the tears in her lovely eyes.

"It was on a Sunday," she went on. "You'd come down to the Hall at Haddenham for the week end. You came on the Friday. We were to be married on the following Thursday. We were both walking on air. Our whole future was assured. Daddy had arranged for you to go into the factory and work on the car designing side. We had a credit with the firm of twenty thousand for your invention. Daddy thought you were a first-class person and I adored you."

I nodded. I was beyond words.

"On the Monday afternoon you left the Hall at Haddenham and went over to the car works at Fairley. The test car had just been finished—the one fitted with your carburettor. In spite of the fact that Williams told you that the car wasn't right for the road you insisted on taking it out. Williams says that you drove the car round the test ground at about forty and then swung out on to the main London road. He says that you accelerated hard, and that you must have been touching ninety, when—when you skidded and went into the hedge . . ."

She coughed a little and looked down at the table. I saw a tear fall on the cloth.

"The car was smashed out of recognition," she went on after a moment. "But you'd disappeared. No one has heard or seen anything of you until to-day."

I got it. I said, looking a little vague: "I suppose I'd lost my memory?"

"Exactly," she said. "It was quite obvious that you were not physically hurt. You couldn't have been because obviously you'd got out of the wreckage and walked away. You weren't anywhere near when Williams got there with the ambulance."

She paused, and I did some of the fastest thinking I've ever done in my life. I thought that it would put the seal on a career not entirely unsuccessful if I

"WELL, Steve . . . I said I'd get you and I've got you. I told you you were slipping," Gringall exclaimed

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

could get away with this. I wondered if I could.

She continued: "We did everything to find you. Daddy was distraught. I—" she shrugged her shoulders a little pathetically—"went into a nursing home for four months. I was nearly *mad* with grief. We advertised, we employed detectives, we did everything."

She smiled. That smile illuminated her face. Her eyes shone.

"And now I've found you," she said. "And I'm never going to let you go."

I thought I'd do a little investigating. I said:

"But supposing all this was possible. Surely I'd have contacted someone who knew me. Friends or relations——"

"You had no relations, Godfrey dear," she said. "Both your father and mother died when you were very young. I can remember you telling us that practically every man you'd known in the old days was either killed in the last war or had died since. You had no one except us. There was nobody to recognise you. And heaven only knows where you got to."

I made up my mind. I was going to chance this. This was going to be my supreme effort. I thought back. Four and a half years ago I'd gone to India. I'd been there two years before I'd come back to England.

According to her this Godfrey Ferring had no relatives, no friends. If it was good enough for her to think I was Godfrey, it was good enough for me to *be* Godfrey. All I had to do was to forget everything that had ever happened to me before I went to India—a process that would suit me admirably—and there was a credit of twenty thousand waiting for me, a first-class job in her father's car business.

And she loved me. I ask you—what a set up!

I waited for a minute or two. I tried to look like a man who is struggling to remember. Then I said:

"You know it *is* a bit odd. Of course I'm not agreeing that I *am* Godfrey Ferring, but it's an awfully strange coincidence that I can't for the life of me remember what happened to me before I went to India four years ago. Whenever I try to think my mind shies away from the subject. The other odd thing is that directly I saw you I had the idea that I knew you; that I knew you awfully well."

She turned the full power of those marvellous violet eyes on me. They were very soft and dimmed with unshed tears. She put her hand over mine. She said:

"Don't worry, darling. Everything's going to be all right for us. I'm here for three days and then I'm going to stay with the Harneys at Clist Place—a few miles from here. But I shall cut short my visit. I'm going to telephone daddy after lunch and tell him that I've found you. He'll be overjoyed, and then you and I are going to talk. We're going to have two marvellous days together, after which I'll go to the Harneys for two or three days, come back here for you and take you back to Haddenham. D'you see, sweet?"

I said I saw. After all—what could *I* lose?

Those two days before she went to her friends were marvellous. I shall always remember them. We bathed and played golf, walked. She wouldn't let me drive the car. She said she was going to stop me driving altogether; that she'd nearly lost me through a car and she wasn't going to chance it happening again.

I tell you, it was wonderful.

She'd been in touch with her father, and the old boy had sent me a wire that must have cost him about four pounds, telling me that he and his wife were overjoyed that their little girl had found me and was going to be happy again.

Between you and me and the gate post, after two days even *I* had almost begun to believe that I was Godfrey Ferring. In point of fact, I was busily engaged in trying to forget that I'd ever been any one else.

Paula was an amazing girl. She was quite marvellous. She had everything. Kissing that woman was like going straight to heaven.

On the morning of the third day I put her and her luggage in the Rolls. She slipped in behind the steering wheel and put her hand in mine as I stood by the side of the car.

She said: "I'll be back for you in three days. Have your things packed. I'm going to take you *home*, darling. While I'm away (*Continued on page* 48)

"I'd Do My Bit If I Could

Women, busy women with homes to run or jobs to do have been saying for months past, "I'd do my bit if I could find a bit to do." They can't give full time, but they want to give all spare time.

As I write this article, one after another of the factories and organisations are coming alive to the vast, almost untapped, woman-power of the spare-time workers.

By the time this article is in print it should be easier for the woman with ties that cannot be entirely ignored to get spare-time war work, or, if you want it by then, a whole-time job of national importance, instead of drearily putting your name down for yet another canteen or promised driving job that never seems to turn up. Now we are waking up, and here are some cut and dried suggestions for you now.

I will instance some typical spare-time workers. Take Mrs. A., with a bank manager husband, a certain amount of home jobs to do since the war started, but no children at home; Mrs. B., with a serving husband, her children in Somerset, but the eldest girl training in London, where she has therefore to remain; Miss C., single handed now the men of her office have gone, working five and a half days a week. Mrs. D., manageress of a business just ticking over, with time and to spare, but not whole time.

As you see, the cases range through so many types of people, that it is impossible either to lay down a rigid set of suggestions, or to do much more than indicate some of the possibilities to-day. To-morrow there will be more possibilities, but to-day there are more than you ever guessed, or I even imagined when I started to round them up.

First, because this is high summer, and September and harvest is ahead, consider land work. Whoever you are, provided you're fit, you can do auxiliary land work if you can give the minimum of a month to it: from four to twenty-four weeks is the time the Auxiliary Land Army women can enrol for: and for some of the women I have named above, a month's summer holiday could be arranged.

This is not an unpaid job—though no one stops you putting your minimum weekly wage of twenty-eight shillings a week into War Savings. You are wanted for harvesting of potato and root crops, fruit picking and all sorts of seasonal work. Billets will be arranged and rail fares paid, and you will be employed by a farmer. There are five thousand regular Land Army women at work, and you will be one of the Auxiliary Land Army.

To enrol and find out all you want to know you can either get in touch with your local Land Army County Office, the headquarters of the Land Army at Balcombe Place, Balcombe, Sussex, or—if you want to get in touch with a woman's organisation that is well worth joining, The Women's Farm and Garden Association, Courtauld House, Byng Place, W.C.1.

Each county has also its War Agricultural Executive Committee, and your Town Hall or Post Office will give you their address. This is the work that appeals essentially to the women who have a feeling for the countryside; it won't be all sunbonnets and Merrie England, but it will materially help to win this war.

The Women's Farm and Garden Association has a grand apprenticeship scheme for young girls who want to take up horticultural work, and, as things are now, and will be for some time to come, there's almost a certainty they will have a choice of jobs ahead of them.

By way of sharp contrast, you are a woman in town and unable to get away, and unable to give a lot of regular time. There is a citizen job that is crying aloud for the right type of woman who can shoulder responsibility.

The London County Council has Children's Care Committees. These are vital factors in the Council's comprehensive scheme for making evacuation not just wholesale,

Your A.R.P. depot may want telephonists

Find a Bit To Do..."

but an individual adjustment of human arrangements.

Each family and every child has been advised, helped in selecting outfit, and children and parents are kept in touch after separation. On this, the human link between them, much of the success of evacuation is depending. Care Committees have a large army of volunteer workers who are tireless in their liaison work.

You will be shown the ropes, given a certain set of jobs and then left to it, to make your contacts in your own time. Ring WATerloo 5000, ask for Miss Nussy, or the Children's Care Committee offices, and get details—they want you, if you are the right type, and they want you right now.

THERE must be numbers of women who want to give some of their weekends and nights to any form, however menial, of munitions work.

Two years or so back the Women's Engineering Society foresaw this and started to train women for munitions jobs, especially the vital job of supervisor. It is a long story, exciting, but too long for this article: but they battled their way to success when, in May, 1939, they got a technical institute in south-east London to launch evening training courses lasting three months, for operatives and supervisors.

This example has been followed at an increasing number of centres. The cost of such a course varies from six shillings to just over a pound. The Board of Education has made it known that these technical institutes and centres could be turned into production centres for certain munition materials.

It is worth while training if you can, in your spare time: it is anyhow, worth while finding out about training, especially if you are an office worker who wants a mechanical job, and an office or home worker who has later, a whole-time job in view.

You can get details from the Women's Engineering Society at 20 Regent Street, W.1. Although munitions work goes on all over Britain, they can give you advice there.

Meanwhile, your husband can join the Volunteer Munitions Brigade (26 Salisbury House, E.C.2) for spare-time and weekend work.

One woman writes to me, "I want to get part-time work myself, and my cook-general and house-parlourmaid both want jobs, full-time: we'll all come (Continued on page 48)

Land girls help to win the war

Naafis provide civilisation for the forces

Spare time typists are always wanted

Train now for munitions, key work of all

Domestic Islet

The house party, consisting of Vanessa, Vanessa's husband on forty-eight hours' leave, her cousin Barbara, Theo and myself, were discussing money and our futures.

Whipping out crumpled envelopes from pockets, seizing pencils and totting up, to a running accompaniment of groans and "I *says*," we all got busy balancing our own personal accounts.

The most startling fact that emerged from the inquiry, was the fact that, between them, my guests were paying out over £400 a year in rent, plus evacuation fees for Vanessa's Patrick, aged five.

Something, I don't know what: maybe it was the weeds sprouting up round my feet on the terrace where we sat, inspired me to exclaim: "What couldn't I do to this place with half that sum." From that careless talk the germs of the idea destined to change four lives, was born.

Within a month, Vanessa had closed her house in Chelsea—she had only kept it open for John's leaves—re-evacuated Patrick from the west country to here, Barbara had given up her two guineas a week bed-sitt. Theo had let her flat and taken out a commuter's ticket for her daily journey to London and back, and all four of us had embarked on the task of turning a house, too big for one woman, and six acres of land, into what the Minister for Food, in describing his local food distribution scheme called an "Islet." A self-contained, autonomous and, if possible, paying unit.

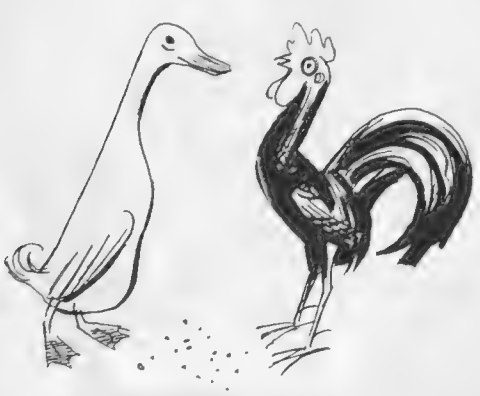
Before the war, Theo and I had shared the expenses of this weekend retreat of mine. On our joint earnings we lived very comfortably indeed, with a housekeeper and youthful assistant to run the house, a gardener four days a week and the gardener's son to do odd jobs and keep the cars clean.

Except for salad stuff and herbs and Theo's exotic experiments among the lesser known vegetable species, we had scorned the idea of growing pedestrian food, like potatoes.

The six-acre field was given over every summer to the Home of Rest for Horses, and throughout the season relays of nags, in varying degrees of decrepitude, were decanted with surprised whinnys from their boxes.

When war started, we evacuated the horses and started to plough up a slice of field in which to grow potatoes and cabbages. Within a month, however, my job had packed up and Theo suffered a pay cut of painful proportion.

Housekeeper and assistant departed and their efficient presence was replaced by a lady who obliged once a week.

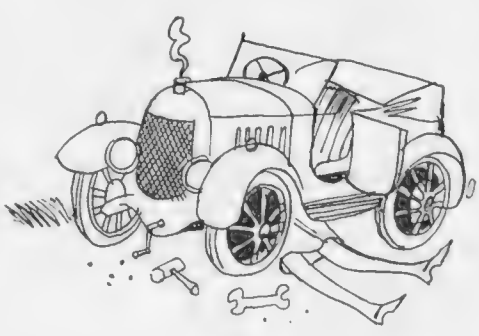


The gardener's time was reduced to one day a week. Weeds sprang up everywhere, lawns and flowers were neglected; all spare energy being directed towards growing more food. But with only one full-time pair of hands, feminine hands at that, and one Sunday pair (Theo's), progress was miserably slow.

So it happened that, just about the time of that fateful weekend, a defeatist fungus had settled on my soul. I wanted to keep chickens and ducks, and a pig or two. But how could I cope alone, and from where was the cash to come to buy stock?

Before taking the decision that would sever my friends from their urban life, we held several meetings, and at last decided on a scheme, a well and truly laid scheme, that admitted of no petty feminine arguments... "But you said so-and-so," or "I never knew I was expected to do that."

Vanessa, being a cook of heavenly inspiration without the inspired cook's fondness for "Taking forty eggs and a quart of cream," at every opportunity, her job of cook-housekeeper was a foregone conclusion. Barbara was cast for handy-man. She is as strong as the ponies which come from her native Welsh mountains, and no job is too dirty for her. She is our prize digger, our driver and mechanic.



Theo is head gardener, the source of expert knowledge and guidance. Every evening when she comes home, she plunges, head foremost, into the allotment and does not reappear until dark. My job is to look after the animals.

In our daily routine, each member is responsible for her own room. The ordeal of washing-up is lightened by each of us (Theo exempted) doing one day's kitchen fatigue in turn.

Into the pool for buying stock, houses for stock and equipment, went £10 per head. On the first of every month, Vanessa collects £1 from each member. This is to cover general expenses. It works as follows:

Lighting and heat	5	0
Laundry	2	6
Towards cleaner's time (twice weekly)	2	6
Cleaning materials	1	0
Rates and taxes	5	0
Telephone	2	0
Emergency fund	2	0
	£1	0	0

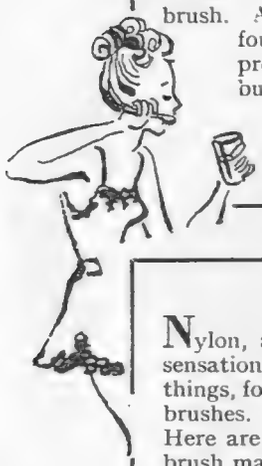
Messing account, collected and accounted for each week by Vanessa, is 10s. per head, Vanessa pays 7s. 6d. in addition for Patrick. Usually there is a surplus. This goes into the Drink Fund, for buying cider and beer for thirsty workers. Our total living costs, then, are around £3 per month per head.

Livestock consists of twelve head of poultry, twenty ducks, two pigs, nanny goat, kid, and a miscellaneous collection of dogs and cats. At a (Continued on page 68)

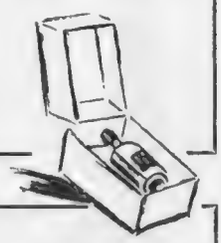
Four women, pooling functional and occupational resources, turn a country cottage and six acres into a self-contained, autonomous paying unit

Mary Young's FINDINGS *for your* KEEPINGS

The lesson of the air raids that, up to the time of writing, have taken place in Great Britain, have proved that strips of paper pasted across windows are not very good within five hundred yards of a bomb explosion. A transparent composition made of rubber has proved its worth. For a window was blown fifteen feet across a room by blast but remained all of a piece, owing to the fact that it had been treated with this splinterproof composition. The stuff is easy to use. You brush it on with a small pasting brush. A "sealer" can be applied twenty-four hours later, and will not only prolong the life of the splinterproof, but the windows can then be washed in the usual way. The price of Splinterproof is 1s., 2s. 11d. and 5s. 6d., or it can be had in bulk.



The woman in the services, the woman in the factory or on A.R.P. service, needs a fresh smelling, inexpensive deodorant for her everyday use. I have tracked down a lotion which fills these requirements effectively, and at a fraction of the cost of most preparations of the kind. Originally put up for those glamorous creatures who work the lifts and who smile ingratiatingly at us from behind the counters of a famous store, this lotion is now available to the general public. It simply has to be rubbed into any part of the body where perspiration persists. That is all that is needed to ensure complete insulation from perspiration troubles. And the price is 7½d. per bottle.



Nylon, a new material which has been a sensation in America, is used, among other things, for making sheer stockings and toothbrushes. Yes. It is as versatile as that. Here are some of the virtues claimed for a brush made of Nylon. It wears better than the best hog bristles (in a machine test which gave 70,000 scrubs, the Nylon brush remained intact, whereas the hog brush had lost a high percentage of its bristles), it absorbs less moisture, thereby retaining its stiffness. The bristles do not break off or split, and its smooth surface makes the brush less susceptible to bacteria attack. Price is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Three grades: Soft, medium, hard.

My feet, like most citizens' feet, have had much to put up with in the past six months. And warm weather only aggravates their troubles. I have been able to keep my feet fighting fit and ready for instant duty, day or night, by regular twice weekly treatment. This consists of a triple application. First, a soaking in hot salt solution to reduce swelling and eliminate acid secretion. Next, the application of a deliciously cooling salve. And lastly, a dusting with powder, deodorant, sweet smelling, cool. Corns are treated with a solvent before going to bed and are removed by friction with a towel in the morning. Prices: Salts 7½d., 1s. 3d. Salve 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Powder 9d., 1s. 3d. Corn Solvent 9d., 1s. 3d.

A timely present to any member of the family serving with the forces, is a mosquito preparation. But it would be waste of valuable postage space to send anything that is not one hundred per cent effective. To proof oneself against insect bites is a wise precaution, too, for those of us at home who are engaged on home defence, gardening or farm work. A lotion, the name of which seems to have circulated right round the world, affords absolute protection against the more virulent breed of insect, like mosquito and sand-fly, as well as against the midges that detract so irritatingly from the charm of an English summer evening. It comes in flacons and sprinkler-top bottles, as well as in solid form. Price: Flacon 2s. Sprinklers 3s., 5s. 6d. Solid 2s.

Among the more ingenious inventions for helping to combat flames which drop from the sky is an asbestos material for domestic purposes. There are curtains, cushion covers, carpets, rugs and chair covers in modern designs and colourings. These are indistinguishable from ordinary fabrics used for the same purposes, that disconcerting fluffiness associated with asbestos having been entirely eliminated. There are also gloves and blanket aprons made of the same fireproof material. The apron can be whipped off in half a second and used for blotting out fire. Prices are moderate.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

Secret Service

By Olive Randall

Economy is no longer a private virtue. It is a national duty. But nothing is more boring or demoralising than the woman who economises painfully and with loud lamentations, for she makes her own life and everybody else's a misery.

Her only real rival is the woman who is caught unprepared by every emergency. She is the Mother Hubbard whose cupboard is always bare, but whose bag, on the contrary, is so filled with out-dated rubbish that she is never able to find anything she wants. To-day both these women are public enemies, for we are living in times when cheerful and unobtrusive efficiency saves nerve-strain and conserves energy.

The obvious thing to do is to turn economy into an adventure. Don't be dreary about it. That is bad for you and depressing for everybody else. Instead, be clever. Save on fundamentals so that you may still have a little fun. Institute a secret service of your own and set out to discover as many things as you can that will serve you secretly and reliably, and that will not damage your morale.

In the first place, *do not give up your pet extravagance.* It spells escape for you. It is your challenge, proclaiming your belief in a good life. And it is probably only a very small extravagance anyway. It is up to you to find other things that you can sacrifice to it.

Let us suppose that you can never feel comfortably at your best except in fine silk stockings. They are pretty expensive now, and they are not so easy to get as once they were. Instead of being half-miserable all the time in service-weight stockings, wear lisle when you are working or walking, and save your luxury stockings for luxury occasions. You will appreciate them then at their true value.

Perhaps your shoes have always been your pride. Before you finally and irrevocably plunge into sensible ones, carefully look over your delicate suedes and gabardines. They are probably showing signs of wear at the toes, and you may have rubbed them at the back. Do not discard them for such small reasons. Take them to the local shoe-mender and get him to put on soft leather toe-pieces (he will probably charge about 3s. 6d. for this) and to put a band or shaped leather pieces at the backs as well. The effect is decorative as well as practical.

Get out all your gloves and see what you can do with them. If you have any suede or kid ones that have grown out of shape and shiny at the finger-tips, cut the backs off and, using them as a pattern, knit or crochet new backs and then oversew them to the leather palms. Two-colour effects are gay with tweeds and suits, or if you are going to wear them with more formal clothes, you can evolve a one-toned, lace-like design.

Take care of your leather bags and keep them well brushed inside and well polished outside. A soft duster dipped in milk will give them a new lease of life.

You can save yourself a lot of trouble if you slip your powder compact, lipstick, and a small piece of cotton-wool into a small sixpenny silk case—from any chemist—for then there is no chance of them spoiling the bag-lining.

If you must have a new bag, buy or make one in felt. A large flat envelope shape is good-looking, and you can tuck it under your arm out of the way of your gas-mask. Felt is hard-wearing and cheap, and obtainable in the loveliest colours.

Suede definitely comes into the luxury class, but if it is one of the things that you feel you cannot do without, ask to see bags made of Sylvet. It looks just like antelope, though it costs considerably less, and it is waterproof and amazingly durable.

When it gets a bit worn, hold it for a minute or two in the steam from a kettle and then give it a good brushing.

Steam your felt and velour hats, too. They will respond most gratefully, and they will regain their shape as well as their clearness of colour. This treatment, plus a clean head-band and a new trimming, will make last year's favourite this year's favourite, too.

It may seem a little early to begin thinking of your autumn clothes, but you have to spend time when you want to save money. You are going to make the most of last year's things, and you are going to refuse absolutely to be bored by them.

A brilliant lining in last autumn's coat will cost very little and will give it an entirely new look and feeling. If you have switched over from a town to a country life, you can lessen the formality of any dark coat by giving it a plaid lining and facings. Black can look very good in the country if it is linked up with a vivid yellow tartan or a stained-glass-window check, and if you choose chunky shoes and accessories.

A tired dress with a pleated skirt can be the most stalwart standby in your entire wardrobe. Divorce it from its bodice and wear it with a whole series of knitted sweaters. Tuck them into the skirt and wear a wide belt, or make the sweaters long and tight-fitting to wear, beltless, over the skirt.

You can work up an authentic collector's enthusiasm if you begin to search local junk-shops for unusual costume jewellery. It does not matter how dirty and discoloured it is. It is a simple matter to get it regilded.

Take a row of prosaic buttons off a dress and add some of the wonderfully effective clips and brooches that you can find at sixpenny stores, and you have something. It takes a little time to train your eye, but you will soon discover that a clip that looks nothing by itself can develop a Rue de la Paix air when it is repeated four or five times.

Life can do nothing very (Continued on page 56)

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP
Editor, Women's Department

REJUVENATION

Here is a word, long familiar to clothes budgeteers, with which all women will soon have to get acquainted.

If new autumn and winter clothes are under consideration, you must face the fact that wool rationing means rising prices and a limit on ranges and colours. Passé clothes, therefore, must be rejuvenated, or worn passé, and the first is the better choice.

So long as fundamental lines are good, general beauty treatments, in the shape of witty trims, sashes, new tops to dresses, bright touches, colour experiments, will help to revive the young life that is still in plenty of those tired clothes that litter up your wardrobe, while you achieve monotony with one outfit and complain you've nothing to wear.

Meanwhile, when buying new, look out for likeable, friendly clothes that won't ever bore you; watch for line and fabric—these must be good to stand future rejuvenating. Let your small buys—hats, accessories, lingerie, etceteras — provide any gaiety, tonic and uplift that you want.

On the clothes-rack are last year's clothes. Ingenuity, a little time and very little money can turn them into this year's.

1 and A. A dark woollen dress with a boring top is often good from the bosom down. Give it a new shirt top made in one of the new Viyella thirty-six checks. In spite of restrictions, the range is still exciting and colourful.

2 and B. This coat's excellent tailored, double-breasted line will stay good as long as the stuff lasts. Fur (or fur fabric) on the collar and revers, fur pockets that hang on a belt and so can take on and off, give it zest.

3 and C. Tired of the hood on last year's tweed coat? Then turn it into a trim shawl collar, faced with contrast velvet, and repeat the velvet on pockets and cuffs.

4 and D. Turn a shirt-waist dress into something really different by lopping off the sleeves and bodice and substituting a bi-colour front with a draped neck.

5 and E. This dress is made unrecognisable by rows and rows of different coloured braid on skirt, collar and sleeves.

6 and F. The skirt is good, the top dated. Make it into a country dress by adding a corduroy waistcoat with handknitted sleeves and collar, or (G) into a shoulder-strap skirt (use the discarded top for straps and pockets) with ric-ràc edging.

H. Four yards of black crepe or one of the inexpensive attractive Celanese rayons would make this very simple dress with a draped neck and four unpressed pleats front and back of the skirt. Bobble trimming on shoulders, sleeves and belt give it a touch.

I. Another idea for 2. Line the coat throughout, and face collar and revers with vivid check Viyella.

On Duty—*and Off*

By Jane Gordon

No matter what we may have thought we wanted most out of life a year ago, we know now for certain that the best thing in the world is to be English and that nothing matters terribly just so long as our men are eventually returned to us intact and all in one piece, so to speak, and, moreover, that we can keep our children safe and our old people as free from worry as is humanly possible.

Have you noticed lately how grateful people are to you for just looking well? They seem to admire a woman who enjoys rude health more than all the sterling female qualities put together. Even women who find the business of sleeping difficult will be putting up a good show if they can disguise the fact. She would be a poor hand at make-up who could not camouflage the ravages of a little insomnia with eye lotion, tinted foundation cream, and rouge, powder and lipstick chosen from one of this season's range. It is funny how such very small and relatively unimportant things in life can give a woman confidence and how this confidence will affect the men and children and old people around her.

I AM afraid that the V.A.D.s who have been called up for work in the hospitals where they are taking military casualties and refugees are going to find themselves plagued with spots and septic nails. The complexion that is usually as clear as country air is apt to become spotty when it is in a hospital ward in close proximity to burns and scalds. You may prick your finger with impunity outside a hospital, but scratch your cuticle with your safety-pin while you are putting on your apron before you go on duty, and the likely result is a septic nail.

On Duty

THE best defence against spots is to provide your complexion with as much fresh air as possible when you are off duty. Get out in the open if you can and, if not, sit near an open window. Have your windows wide open at night. Take two or three tumblers of cold water a day with the juice of half a lemon squeezed in each. Instead of foundation creams use liquid powder foundations. Jane Seymour's Petal Lotion is excellent for this purpose, and she has two powders, one called Greaskin for the over-oily complexion, and the other called Dryskin. Plenty of water, both inside and out, will help the complexion to withstand the danger of becoming infected by the septic absorption from the burns.

THERE is nothing like a good manicure to keep your nails healthy and guard them against infection. On the other hand, there is nothing more dangerous than a rough manicure. If every hospital in this country had a resident manicurist to give the nurses the benefit of a weekly professional manicure, I honestly believe that septic nail-beds would be practically unknown, and any V.A.D. who can afford a weekly professional manicure will find both the time and money well spent, but she must make absolutely certain that she finds a manicurist who is gentle and efficient, who never cuts cuticles unless absolutely necessary, and whose instruments are 100 per cent. clean.

TO keep the nails trim between manicures, use nothing except an orange stick with a rubber hoof-end to push back the cuticles, a cuticle oil or cuticle cream, and an emery board to keep the nail-ends short and smooth. The cuticles will withstand hard work much better if they are treated to cuticle oil or cuticle cream each day. Cutex makes a good oil, and at the Hand and Nail Culture Institute you can get a special cuticle food. Peggy Sage sells both an oil and cream for this purpose. She also (Continued on page 59)

PACK up your worry-lines in a home-made face-pack and you will find that you have lost them completely in rather less than half an hour. Here are some home-made recipes which you may find useful. For an over-oily complexion, get a small quantity of fresh yeast. The yeast must be absolutely fresh the day you use it. Mix it to a thin paste with witch-hazel, wash the face with hot water, a rubber sponge and the best complexion soap you can afford, rinse thoroughly, smear on the paste, allow it to dry and remain on for ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. Then soak pads of cotton-wool in lukewarm water, and dab off the mask with this, rinse with cool water and make up with liquid powder foundation.

Off Duty

FOR a face which has become sadly sallow and depressed-looking, try mixing a coffee-spoonful of Phillips's Milk of Magnesia, intended for internal use, into a good teaspoonful of ordinary cold cream. Wash the face as before with hot water and complexion soap, rinse thoroughly, smear on the cream, and leave for twenty minutes. Wipe off with cleansing tissues, rinse with plenty of cool water, to which you have added a few drops of eau-de-Cologne. For a sensitive skin which has succumbed to worry-lines and crowsfeet, pour liquid paraffin into a saucer, place the saucer in very hot water until the oil is so warm as to be very nearly hot. Cut out a soft linen face-mask with holes for eyes, nose and mouth, dip the mask into the oil, and, having previously washed your face with warm water and soap, lie down with the warm oil mask on for twenty minutes to half an hour. Paraffin is better than either olive oil or almond oil. Almond oil is inclined to be drying, and olive oil, if used neat, will eventually tend to darken the skin.

ANY time you want your eyes to look peacefully bright in spite of a shortage of sleep, try packing them away for half an hour under Optrex eye-masks, and they will come out as fresh as daisies. You can even pack up your hands for a while, and get them out again as pale as lilies and as cool as cucumbers. Jane Seymour sells a hand pack, and Boncilla's Lemon and Magnesia Pack is excellent for the hands. Before you use either, rub a little cuticle oil around your nails and cuticles.

I LIKE the Fougasse hankies in crepe-de-Chine which I found at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Each handkerchief has five of his famous pictures printed in different colours on a white ground. In the corners you will find the two women in the railway-carriage saying: "Of course, it mustn't go any further"; the two women (Continued on page 59)

Your Children on Rations

When the quantity of food is limited, it becomes more urgent that we should consider quality and, in this sense, rationing may prove to be a good thing for the next generation.

Food values are as yet only very imperfectly understood by the average mother, but with the inevitable restriction upon certain vital foodstuffs becoming more rigid, we must learn to understand them better unless we are to see the children's health decline.

If you understand food values, the shortage of this or that particular commodity is far less alarming, because you can turn with confidence to other foods which offer the same sources of nourishment.

The nourishing quality of a diet is dependent upon its containing a correct and balanced quantity of the various vitamins and minerals designed to sustain the system and constantly to recuperate it.

Whether these elements are provided by one kind of food or another, is of no importance so long as they *are* provided, and the fact that the conventional diet can no longer be followed need give rise to no anxiety so long as deficiencies are made up in some way or other.

It is a fact that green leaves are as good, if not better, than butter and eggs for the supply of the Vitamin A which protects against disease and infection and promotes general fitness. No need to worry unduly then if butter has to be cut down. Green salads and raw grated carrot will make up the loss.

There is not, of course, as much fat in these things as butter can provide, but nuts are an excellent substitute for more conventional sources of fat. Soya beans are said to contain complete protein equal to meat, and are rich in easily digestible fat. They contain also thirty per cent. of sugar. They can be obtained ready cooked in tins.

The devastating influenza epidemic which scourged this country soon after the last war is attributed in some medical quarters to the fact that the population had been living on a diet deficient in Vitamin A which is contained in butter, animal fat and fresh vegetables, but a better understanding of food substitutes will, it is hoped, protect us from a repetition of this tragedy.

Cultivate your garden and allotment with all your strength, because while you can give your children lightly cooked green vegetables, green salads and raw carrot, you will be helping their bodies to flourish and building up resistance to disease on the essential Vitamin A which they contain.

Incidentally, there are subtler values in food than we are aware of. *Fresh* fruit and vegetables are of infinitely more value and far richer in vitamins than those which have been kept in the shop. This applies also to fruit picked and eaten straight from the tree.

Conserve the vitamins in food by avoiding long cooking. Steaming is apt to destroy them. Avoid the use of cooking soda and, so far as possible, of baking powder. Try very rapid boiling of vegetables in preference to steaming, and use as little water as possible. In many cases vegetables can be sliced so that they cook through very quickly before their best properties are lost.

Do not peel fruits for the children. Wash the skins of apples, pears and soft fruits and encourage them to masticate them well. Orange and lemon skins should be steeped in hot water overnight and the liquid added to some fresh fruit juice the next day. Potatoes should be cooked in their skins.

Vitamin B has its special work to do in promoting growth and preventing nervous and digestive troubles. It is essential for the maintenance of healthy skin and hair. Milk and eggs are a source of Vitamin B but brewer's yeast is a fine substitute and by far the largest source of Vitamin A is found in brown bread.

Try to overcome the children's preference for white bread and give them brown wholemeal instead. Then you need not worry unduly if meat and eggs have to be cut down.

Perhaps it will surprise you to know that cheese is among the most valuable of all foods. It will take the place of beef in the diet and, moreover, improves by keeping. Shred cheese into the green salads you prepare for the older children. Give them good cottage cheese whenever other things fail.

Get a diet chart. The Ministry of Food have prepared many simple ones for the better understanding of the principles of feeding which will counteract any shortage we yet have to face.

Louisa Kay

White Elephants With

Discarded because of its extreme weightiness and the ornateness of its general contours, this Victorian side-table with its gaudy marble top was picked up for a song at a second-hand dealer's.

Plainly the piece had possibilities, and to give full emphasis to these the first step was to remove the ugly and heavily-carved back. For practical reasons, the marble top was discarded in favour of a lighter and more modern sheet of plate-glass. The legs and underpart were stripped of polish and given two coats of broken white paint. Against a delicately coloured background the table now holds a privileged place in the dining-room amongst modern furniture in broken white accentuated with black.

The surface of this small writing-desk was badly scratched and stained. The wood, though of excellent quality, was an ugly mustard colour.

To remove the polish and restore the wood to its natural colouring several applications of strong caustic soda were used. When every trace of colouring and polish had vanished, the surface of the wood was washed down, dried and sandpapered. After another careful washing the beading was picked out with green paint. Finally the whole surface was treated with bees-wax and a plate-glass top added to transform it into a dressing-table.

ROSY FUTURES

In most households, even where discarding has been ruthless, there are white elephants. Some pieces of furniture left over from another era, that for sentimental or other reasons it is difficult to do away with.

If you have such a piece as this, look at it well. Assure yourself that your particular white elephant is beyond redemption. Look at the pictures on these pages, and see what has been done with old-fashioned furniture to give it a fresh beauty and a more practical function.

Even if you have no such pieces in your home, take the lesson of these pictures to heart. New furniture may be out of your purse's reach for the present, but the second-hand dealers are full of soundly constructed pieces that could be adapted to suit your needs. There is much comfort in doing these things oneself now. It is an antidote to inactivity and trouble. Busy yourself improving the home. It is pleasant and profitable work.

The Victorian scroll couch is everywhere appreciated for its graceful contours. Ugly tapestries and extraneous decoration of all kinds have ruined it in the past, but nothing could quite disguise its charm.

In a modern setting such a couch is most effective, especially if its assets are made use of as cleverly as in the illustration on the left. By repairing certain mechanical defects such as broken springs and castors, then by stripping the framework of its dark colouring and repainting it cream picked out with gold the couch was ready for a new covering of lustrous artificial satin. Buttons were used as decoration. This was a job presenting very few difficulties for the amateur and very small expense. This type of couch is an asset to the bedroom, both from the point of view of decoration as well as of comfort. It is feminine, graceful in form, and quite glamorous when painted and upholstered in a colourful way. If well sprung and softly covered it makes a comfortable place to rest.

Arm-chairs of the same type lend themselves equally well to renovation in this fashion. Striped artificial damask, rayon satin, either figured or plain, glazed chintz and artificial silk velvets make suitable and attractive coverings.

This was an unlovely Victorian wardrobe, solidly constructed, pleasant in outline, but with doors encrusted with decoration.

Its best features were its commodiousness, the quality of the mahogany and the workmanship.

The first step was to strip the french polish. This was done with a patent stripper. Next came an undercoating of white lead paint and two coats of cream enamel. The decorated panels of the two side doors were replaced with plywood, and a skilful amateur painted the border of lilies of the valley, which repeat the motif of the cretonne curtains.

A spinet is and always has been a beautiful thing, but in the modern home there is very little room for furniture that has no practical use.

In this photograph you see how all the beauty and romance of one of these delicate instruments has been unified into a practical whole.

The keyboard has been removed and the remaining space filled in such a way as to form a writing desk. The surface of the instrument has been carefully repolished and the whole is a charming piece of furniture with a practical function to perform. The services of a cabinet maker were employed to carry out this work, but it was a simple and quite inexpensive undertaking.

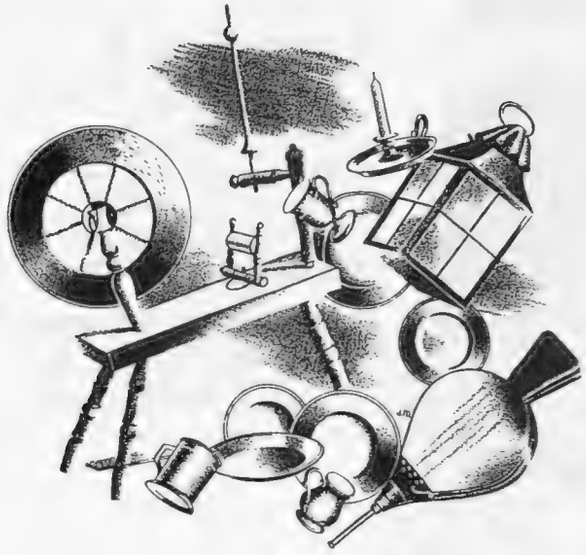
By Winifred Lewis

The HOUSE

The INTERIOR

The ACCESSORIES

Women still dream of owning beautiful old furniture. The time for acquiring it may not be now or tomorrow, but it will come. . . . Meanwhile here are some interesting facts about the furniture and the decoration of the past.



Old English

Old English covers the period before the 1700s, before homes became the comfortable and elegant places they now seem, in comparison, to be.

There is no style so widely loved or so zealously copied as that which expresses the tradition of the English oak-beamed and white-washed home. It includes the furniture known as Tudor, Jacobean, Charles the Second and just vaguely "old oak."

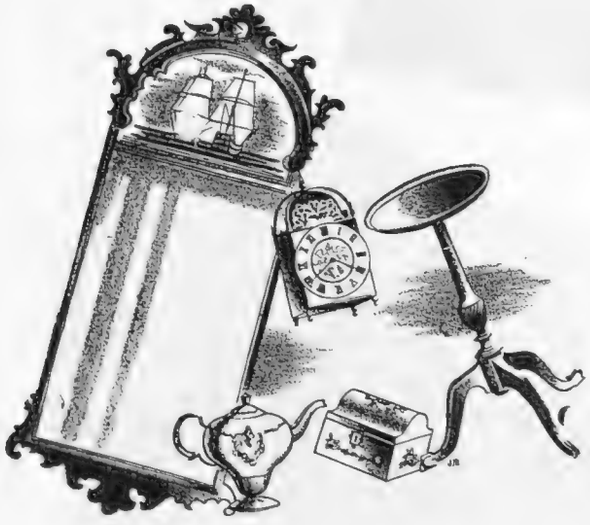
It is lovable and, above all, amenable. The amateur feels on fairly safe ground in devising schemes of decoration in any of these styles, because there are few pitfalls. The way has been very well paved.

The background is traditional and well understood. There are the whitewashed walls, the lattice windows, the open brick fireplaces.

Typical is the low, heavily carved credence, the massive corner cupboard, the four-poster bed, the refectory as well as the gate-leg table. Wheel-back chairs are among the most beautiful and representative pieces of a time when chairs were far from comfortable. There are, too, the lovely and atmospheric high-back settles; the linen chests which can be made to serve very practical uses today.

All this furniture is solid, dark and dimly polished and the accessories enchanting, if not always quite authentic in their period.

The silver of these earlier times is rarely seen. It was not till after 1700, when the French refugees came to this country, that craftsmanship in silver began to make headway in Britain. Brass and pewter are more representative of the metalwork of the early English home and gives a fine tone to the sombre richness of the oak interior. Wrought-iron lamps and candlesticks as well as decorative leatherwork are interesting accessories to look for.



18th Century

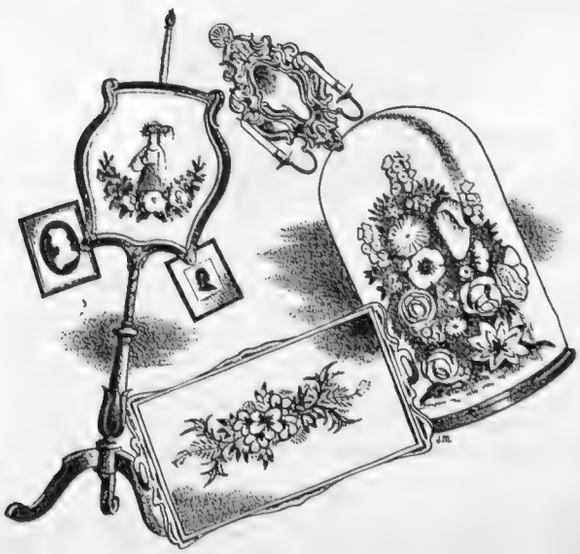
The Eighteenth Century style of furnishing has been much favoured in recent years and incorporated to a very great extent in the most modern schemes of decoration. "Eighteenth Century" is an elastic term which embraces Queen Anne, Regency, Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton as well as the famous Adams creations. It was, indeed, a classic period which produced furniture designers who will probably never be surpassed for the expression of superlative form and delicacy of craftsmanship, allied to a fundamental robustness.

This furniture is typified by the graceful walnut bow-fronted bureaus which have been so much and so faithfully reproduced in latter years; walnut and mahogany tables with cabriole legs, often delicately carved at the knees; the sofa, and Pembroke tables; the Queen Anne chairs with slender arched backs.

Exquisitely draped windows and festooned beds, swagged pelmets and richly woven damasks were contemporary features.

It might be said that the furniture and the architecture of this time was expressive of an interval of great elegance and cultural progress in English history. The Queen Anne period, for instance, showed a strongly reactive tendency from the ponderous ornateness, the extreme flamboyance of the era personified by Charles the Second. In architecture the Greek and Roman influence is strongly expressed in the use of columns and pillars and other classic forms.

Pastel colourings prevailed, but the texture of fabrics was rich in the extreme. Silver was ornate but exquisitely refined in conception. The same applies to accessories such as mirrors, delicately wrought clock cases and pictures painted on glass.



Victorian

Unfortunately the greatness of our achievements in the Victorian era was not extended to the design of houses and furniture, which were extravagantly ornamented and, for the most part, hideously prolific in extraneous detail and variety of colouring.

In essentials, however, much of the furniture of the Victorian Age was praiseworthy. Workmanship and quality of materials were excellent.

Perhaps the display of this furniture was more to blame than the furniture itself, for since interest in Victorian pieces has revived—and it has done so in the last year or two—many charming effects have been accomplished by displaying typical pieces of the Victorian style against simple backgrounds which give full emphasis to their best qualities.

Originally there were, of course, all the distracting elements of the gaudy wallpaper, heavily patterned carpets and fabrics, each at war with the other, whatnots laden with heavily ornamented china, pictures plastered everywhere upon the walls, heavy braids and fringes, tartan fabrics and—need one say it?—the historic aspidistra.

Shorn of the conglomerate decoration which swamped it in the past, it can be put to effective and practical use in the present, as the room in our illustration proves. The collection of accessories for the Victorian room is fascinating and easy: stuffed fruits, needlework pictures and samplers, papier mâché and mother-o'-pearl tables and trays, silhouette pictures and a profusion of china figures.

INSTRUCTIONS for Knitting

BOUND JACKET

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=Knit; P.=Purl; M.=Make; S.=Slip; Sts.=Stitches; Tog.=Together; Beg.=Beginning.

MATERIALS

11 oz. of Patons and Baldwin's Super Bouclé in green mist; 1 pair of No. 10 needles; 7 buttons; 4 yds. black braid.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 22 ins.; hips (6 ins. below waist), 32 ins., gripping firmly; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

6 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in

THE BACK

Cast on 96 sts. Work st.st. for 1 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 78 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 5th row after until there are 102 sts. Work straight for a few rows to make side seams 13½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 78 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8½ ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 34 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 48 sts. Work st.st., starting with a k. row, and m. 1 st. at beg. of every p. row until there are 52 sts. K. 2 tog. at opposite edge to increasing at beg. of next row and continue to decrease here on every 4th row until there are 43 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Now m. 1 st. at same edge as you have been decreasing on next row and every 5th row after until there are 55 sts. Work straight for a few rows to make side seam 13½ ins. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 43 sts. Now m. 1 st. at inside edge on next row and, keeping shoulder edge straight, continue to increase here on every 8th row until there are 48 sts. (armhole is now 8 ins. round curve). With right side facing, work 30 sts., k. 2 tog., work to end of row.

Next row.—P. 17, turn, cast off 6, work to end of row. **Next row.**—M. 1, work to end. **Next row.**—Cast off 6, work to end. **Next row.**—No increasing or casting off. **Next row.**—Cast off all sts.

Return to 30 sts. Cast on 18 at centre edge. Work 5 rows st.st. straight. Cast off 7 sts. at shoulder edge, work to end. **Next row.**—P., cast off 7 at shoulder edge, work to end. **Next row.**—P., cast off 8 at shoulder edge, work to end. **Next row.**—P. Now with right side of work facing you, m. 1 st. at right edge of work and k. 2 tog. at left edge of work on every row until shortest edge of this slanting piece measures 3 ins. Continue to k. 2 tog. at side you have been doing but do not make any more sts. at opposite edge until there are 12 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond to left with a buttonhole every 2 ins. Buttonholes are worked as follows, and first one starts when 52 sts. are attained. With right side facing, k. 3, cast off 4, work to end. **Next row.**—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 4, turn, work to end. Last buttonhole should be worked just before increasing for rever begins, making seven.

SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 50 sts., work st.st., and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 6th row and every 6th row after until there are 80 sts. Work on in this width until there are 18 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end (Continued on page 64)

Jacket and Jersey, and making Belt out of Sailors' Knots

JERSEY

MATERIALS

6 oz. Patons and Baldwin's Super Scotch fingering, 3-ply, in a pastel shade; a little dark 3-ply wool for edging; 1 pair of No. 9 needles; 4 press studs; a fine crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 32 to 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 5½ ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

6 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Cast on 100 sts. with the pastel wool. Work 1 in. all k. Now work following pattern:

1st row. K. 4, *k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4. Work 11 more rows like this. Next 6 rows are to be all k., but k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row. These 18 rows form the patt. Now work the 12 rows of open patt., remembering there is only 1 st. at beg. and end instead of 4. Dec. in same manner on next plain band, leaving 88 sts. Open patt. now commences k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, etc. After 3rd open block has been completed, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row on next plain band. Work 4th openwork band (commencing patt. k. 1, k. 2 tog., m.1). M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row in the plain bands until there are 112 sts. on needle and 7 openwork bands are complete. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 88 sts. (It will be easier to keep patt. correct while decreasing if it is remembered that the made st. on the needle is always the first of the two that are to be knitted together.)

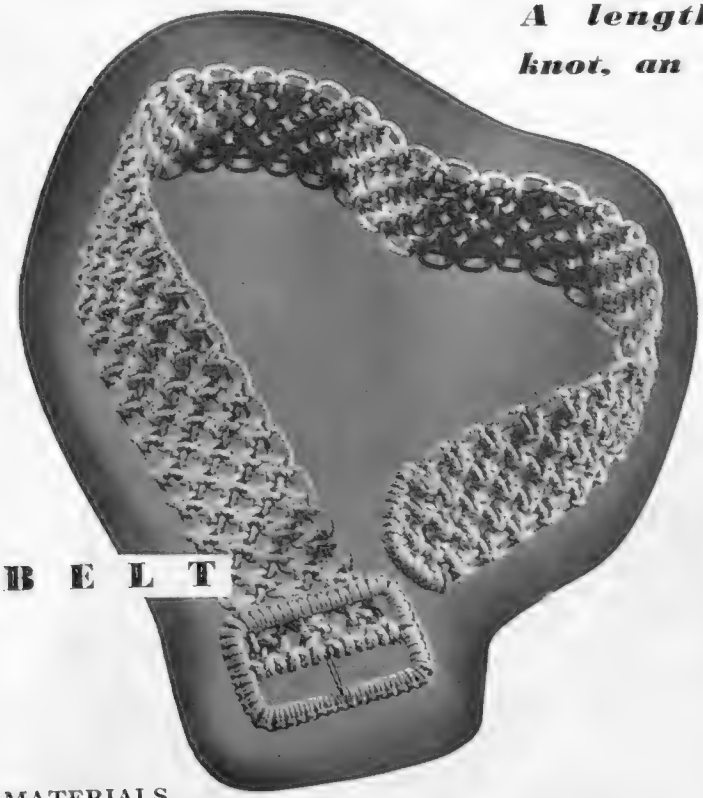
Work straight until armholes measure 4 ins. round curve. Now change to all k. for rest of yoke and work until there are 8 ins. round armhole curve. Now cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times until there are 40 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 4 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ ins. round curve. Now work 64 sts. Leave other 24 on holder until later. Work on centre 40 sts. only, as follows: Cast off 6 sts., work 34, * turn, cast off 6 sts., work to end; rep. from * until there are 4 sts. Cast off. Return to the 24 sts. on needle and m. 1 st. at neck edge on every other row until there are 6 sts. increased (30 sts.).

Work half an inch straight. Now k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every other row 3 times. Now continue to dec. here on every (Continued on page 64)

A length of blind cord, a sailor's reef knot, an hour to spare and this belt is yours



BELT

MATERIALS

36 yds. blind cord; a 2½-in. buckle; a strong bulldog paper clip; a small piece of string.

Secure the clip loosely round your waist with the string. Take cord and cut into six equal lengths. Bring the ends of one length together, forming a loop at the centre. Place loop over centre bar of buckle and bring the ends through it, thus hitching cord to buckle at centre of length. Buckle must now be securely clamped in a table drawer, or fixed to two hooks on a door or wall three feet from floor. Sit about 2 ft. 6 ins. away from buckle and see that each strand falls clear away from it. Mentally number strands 1 to 12, starting from left.

Take strands 2 and 3, slip into paper clip, leaning forward so that they become taut when you resume your natural position. Take strand 1 between forefinger and thumb of left hand and strand 4 between forefinger and thumb of right hand.

To facilitate description, A becomes part of the left-hand strand from finger to the buckle; B becomes part from finger to the end on the floor. Similarly part of the right strand above the hand is C and below the hand is D.

Keeping strand 1 slightly out to left, bring right hand (still holding 4) under 2 and 3, crook third finger round B and bring B back to right-hand side, seeing that it falls over D. Now hold D up against A at that point where they cross, with second finger of right hand, while you let go with finger and thumb of right hand and pick up D again, just below this point.

Take D over 3 and 2 and down between 2 and A. If you have kept left hand slightly to the left all the time this should be easy. Now release that part of 1 which you have been holding in left hand and pull the end of D through from underneath. Slip that part of A which is crooked in the third finger of your right hand up between the (Continued on page 64)

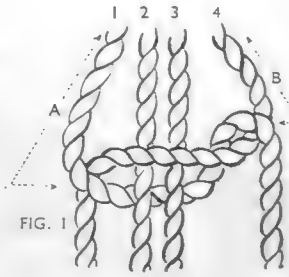


FIG. 1

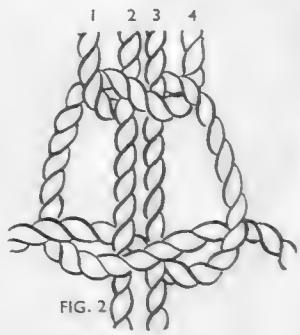


FIG. 2

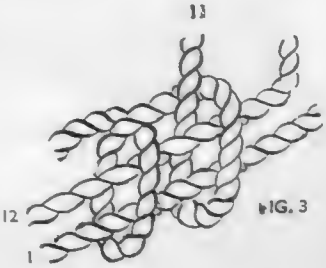


FIG. 3

EAT YOUR MEALS OUT

Even if you can't get away from home this August, don't be a stick-in-the-house all the month. Simple equipment—a trolley table, coarse peasant-type linen, pretty casserole dishes that can be brought straight from oven to table, wooden salad bowl, pepper and salt mills, butter plates and other etceteras—make meals out of doors a pleasant function, even if you haven't got as much as a pocket-handkerchief garden, but just a terrace, a veranda, or a window opening on to the leads. . . .

You will notice that most of these meals save labour in the kitchen, so the cook gets a bit of a holiday, too.

By Harriet Muir

Cheese Salad

Canapé d'Edourée

BREAKFAST IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

Fresh peaches or plums

Scrambled eggs with rice
Toast Honey
Coffee

Fresh Fruit. Fruit is skinned, stoned and sliced overnight; put in a bowl or in individual glasses and scattered with a little sugar. It is left in the refrigerator to chill.

Scrambled Eggs. Two eggs, two walnuts of margarine, one teacup left-over cooked rice, one-third teacup milk, salt, pepper.

Melt margarine in pan. Add eggs, slightly beaten, and all the other ingredients. Cook slowly, being careful it does not catch, until creamy.

HEALTH LUNCH
(No Cooking)

Herring hors-d'œuvre

Cheese salad
Wholemeal bread. Butter

English apples

Herring Hors-d'œuvre. One salt herring, one small onion or shallot, one hard-boiled egg, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Soak herring overnight in cold water; then soak a few hours in vinegar. Remove head, skin and fillet the herring. Chop the flesh finely with the onion. Add pepper and very little salt. Chop white of egg and mix in. Put in hors-d'œuvre dish, garnishing with chopped egg yolk and parsley.

Cheese Salad. Four ounces Cheddar cheese, three or four tomatoes, one raw carrot, one lettuce, salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, mustard.

Cut cheese into small cubes. Skin the tomatoes and cut them into pieces about the same size as the cheese cubes. Make an oil or vinegar dressing, adding a little made mustard to the salt and pepper before mixing with vinegar. Arrange on lettuce leaves in pottery bowl or on individual plates. Grate raw carrot over.

POT LUCK LUNCH

Paella
Cos lettuce salad

Plum fool

Cheese Coffee

Paella. Salad oil, one onion (chopped), a little garlic (optional), three tomatoes, one cup rice, salt and pepper, left-over chicken, meat or fish, two cups water (or one cup water and one cup stock).

Brown onion and garlic in a little oil. Add rice and fry. Skin tomatoes by holding them on a fork over a gas burner and then peeling. Cut up and add to rice. Season. Stir well for a few minutes. Now put in the chicken, meat or fish cut in small pieces, and the liquid. Cook slowly, shaking occasionally to prevent burning, until rice has absorbed liquid. Serve in earthenware dish.

LEAVE-TRAIN DINNER

Iced tomato soup

Pigeons stewed with peas
New potatoes

Canapé d'Edourée

Coffee

Pigeons Stewed with Peas. Two pigeons, one and a half pints shelled peas, one lettuce, three or four button onions, one tablespoon sugar, about five ounces margarine, salt and pepper, vinegar.

Wash pigeons in vinegar and water. Dry. Season with salt and pepper and put them in a good-sized casserole dish with about three ounces margarine. Cook until birds are just browned. Add a little more margarine, the peas, lettuce, onions, sugar, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently until pigeons and peas are cooked. Serve in the casserole.

Canapé d'Edourée. Four half-pears (either stewed or tinned), two teaspoonfuls curry powder, one saltspoonful made mustard, two tablespoonfuls grated cheese, one teaspoonful Worcester sauce.

Stuff the half-pears with the other ingredients, well mixed together. Put under grill. Serve on toast.

UNRATIONED DINNER

Fish hors-d'œuvre

Stuffed marrow
New potato rissolées

Pears in their jackets

Coffee

Fish Hors-d'œuvre. Left-over fish, one onion, parsley, thyme, chervil, marjoram, one or two bayleaves, salt, pepper, vinegar.

Flake the fish and put it in a shallow dish, adding salt and pepper. Cover with onion cut in rings, the herbs (chopped) and the bayleaf. Pour vinegar over. Leave in a cool place for at least one hour.

Stuffed Marrow. One young, medium-sized marrow, two pork sausages (skinned), one cup breadcrumbs, half onion (chopped), a little sage (chopped), milk and salad oil to bind, pepper and salt, cooking fat.

Peel marrow, cut down centre and scrape out seeds. Make stuffing with sausage meat, breadcrumbs, onion, sage, seasoning and liquids. Stuff the two sides of the marrow and tie together with tape. Grease a baking dish and lay the marrow on it, adding fat on top. Cover and bake one and a quarter hours, basting occasionally. Ten minutes before removing from oven, uncover to let marrow brown.

Pears in their Jackets. Take those small pears that are just coming in this month. Don't peel. Stick with cloves, and bake in brown sugar (if you can get it, otherwise use white). Add a little lemon rind and juice. Serve hot or cold.

CHILDREN'S SATURDAY DINNER

Roast rabbit
Runner beans New potatoes

Prune jelly

Roast Rabbit. One rabbit, three ounces breadcrumbs, one and a half ounces chopped suet, one teaspoonful chopped parsley, pinch powdered herbs, pepper and salt, milk, vinegar, dripping.

Wash rabbit thoroughly with vinegar and water (one tablespoon vinegar to one pint water). Dry well. Make stuffing by mixing breadcrumbs, suet, parsley, herbs, seasoning; bind with milk. Fill inside of rabbit with this. Sew up and truss. Brush rabbit with dripping, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lay on its side in baking tin, which you have previously greased. Roast uncovered in a fairly slow oven for one and a half to one and three-quarter hours, or until tender, basting occasionally. When half done, turn over. Serve with gravy.

Prune Jelly. Make with packet raspberry jelly and cooked prunes according to instructions.

I Should Know Better

(*Continued from page 29*)

you're not to drive the car. Remember you promised. Neither of us is going to drive cars after we get home. I'm afraid of them now. I shall leave the Rolls at the Harney's and you can garage your car here. We'll go back home by train. Is that a bet?"

I said it was a bet. She put her face up to be kissed.

"*Au revoir*, darling," she said. She let in the clutch. Then: "Sweet, do something for me."

I said I'd do anything for her.

"That last time I saw you," she said, "before the smash I mean—you were wearing rather well cut grey flannel trousers, a cream silk shirt with a soft collar, a dark brown crêpe-de-Chine tie, a brown Harris sports jacket and brown suède shoes. I always adored you in that kit. While I'm away do get some things like that, and wear them when I take you home. It will be just like *old* times."

I said that would be easy. I said I'd jump off the end of the pier for her with weights tied round my neck. I would have, too!

Then she went off.

I gave myself a double whisky and soda and drank a toast to Captain Godfrey Ferring, after which I went into the town, found the best tailor and ordered the kit she'd asked me to get.

THREE days afterwards she came back. We lunched together and arranged to catch the three-thirty for Haddenham.

By this time I had definitely got myself into the Captain Godfrey Ferring idea. I had made up my mind that I was going right through with this thing, that I was going to marry Paula, that I was going to work like the devil in her old man's racing car business, and generally be a first-class fellow. Every time I looked at her I found myself regretting that I'd spent so many years of my life working the old "con" act.

We arrived at the station at three-fifteen. The train, it seemed, was going to be late, but we didn't mind. We waited on the station surrounded by miles of luggage, enjoying every second of each other's company.

Suddenly she said: "Oh, my god—I am a fool!"

I asked why.

She said: "Would you believe it? I've left my dressing case—a new crocodile one—at the Harneys. Daddy gave it me just before I came down. I hate being without it. What a fool I am. I shall have to ask them to send it on—unless——"

"Unless what?" I asked.

"Unless you'll be a positive angel and take that hired car that waits outside this station and go and get it for me. Clist Place is only three miles from Eastbourne. I'll wait here for you and we can catch the four-fifteen. What do you say, darling?"

I said: "Of course. I'll go right away."

She said: "The driver here is sure to know the Harneys' place. When you get there just tell the butler or someone that you're Captain Ferring and that I've sent you back for my crocodile dressing case. And don't dawdle, dear, because we must catch the four-fifteen."

I said I wouldn't dawdle.

I went outside the station, found the hired car man and went off. It didn't take long to get to Clist Place, which, by the way, was a big country house of the old style. I rang the bell and when the white haired butler opened the door I said my piece.

He asked me to come into the hall and wait. He went off and reappeared five minutes later with the dressing case. He apologised for the fact that every one was out.

I felt glad that they were. I wanted to get back to Paula.

I went back, handed over the case, was thanked prettily and we caught the four-fifteen. We got a carriage to ourselves and behaved like a couple of kids, laughing and talking and making fatuous jokes. We were amazingly happy.

We had to change trains at Ashford. Paula, carrying her crocodile dressing case, went off to try and get a carriage in the new train while I superintended the transfer of our luggage.

It took a few minutes to get a porter and get the luggage moved and then I walked down the platform looking for her.

I couldn't find her. She had disappeared into thin air!

I was fearfully upset. Five minutes afterwards the train went off and I stood there, on the platform, more distraught than I've ever been in my life. She wasn't on the train and she wasn't on the platform. Where was she?

Eventually I made up my mind to go on to Haddenham, introduce myself to her people and explain what had happened.

I had a word with the station master, who informed me that there was no through train to Haddenham, and that the only thing I could do would be to take the slow train to London and catch the later direct train to Haddenham from there.

I took it.

The journey seemed interminable. It was seven o'clock before we pulled in at Charing Cross. Somehow, for some unknown reason, I had an idea that Paula might be waiting for me at the barrier.

She wasn't. I gave up my ticket and was walking across the platform when someone put a hand on my arm. I turned and saw Gringall. He was grinning.

He said: "Well, Steve. . . . I said I'd get you and I've got you. I told you you were slipping."

I said: "What the devil do you mean, Gringall? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh no?" said Gringall cynically.

He handed me a copy of *The Evening News*. I looked at it and saw:

IMPUDENT JEWEL ROBBERY

An amazing jewel robbery took place this afternoon at Clist Place, near Eastbourne.

Soon after Miss Paula Galloway and her fiancé—who had called for her earlier in the afternoon—had left Clist Place by car, an individual who bore the most amazing resemblance to Captain Ferring, arrived at the house and said that he had come back for Miss Galloway's dressing case which she had left behind and which she required.

The rest of the family were out, and the butler went to Miss Galloway's room, found the case and handed it over. It contained over twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery belonging to Miss Galloway.

The bogus Captain Ferring then left in a hired car.

Earlier in the day a woman, described as being "very beautiful," had spoken to one of the gardeners working in the grounds and elicited the fact that Miss Galloway and Captain Ferring would be leaving that afternoon.

There is no doubt that this woman was working in conjunction with a housemaid in Clist Place, who left suddenly that morning and who was able to inform the thieves that the real Miss Galloway had arranged to send for her dressing case containing the jewels the next day.

That the ruse was carefully planned was indicated by the fact that the bogus Captain was wearing clothes identical with those worn by the real Captain Ferring.

An early arrest is expected.

Gringall said: "Come on, Steve. It's a pity I met you when you arrived at Eastbourne. Directly the local police telephoned the Yard this afternoon I *knew* it must be you who had pulled the job."

"Gringall," I said. "Can we have one drink before we go?"

He said certainly we could. We went into the buffet. When we'd got our whiskies and sodas I said:

"I don't expect you to believe what I say, and I know I haven't got a dog's chance of getting out of this; but I'm going to tell you the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Some woman has taken me for a ride. And what a woman! I can't even dislike her for it. She must have noticed me at the Splendide at Eastbourne and seen that I was Ferring's double. She pulled the fastest act on me that's ever been pulled. She kidded me into getting the same clothes as those that Ferring usually wears. She kidded me into going to Clist Place and asking for that dressing case. And then, when she'd got it, she walked out on me. Believe it or not, that's the truth."

Gringall grinned.

He said: "You tell that to the horse marines, Steve. And if I were you I wouldn't use that story as a defence. It'll get you an extra year. If I were you I'd just plead guilty and do your time like a gentleman."

I didn't say anything. What was there to say? But whoever she was, that girl had something. She had brains, nerve and looks. She had all the things I thought *I* had.

When I come out I hope I'll meet her again. I won't even be annoyed with her.

To do a thing like that to *me*—of all people!

I should know better!

END

"I'd Do My Bit If I Could Find a Bit to Do . . ."

(*Continued from page 31*)

home after we've won the war . . ." That is the sort of woman who is going to win it.

The answer for her is that the London County Council wants part-time Auxiliary Ambulance drivers, with, *or without* their cars. Once again, ring WATerloo 5000, or write for particulars.

As for the cook and house-parlourmaid, there is a service that thinks cooks and household workers worth their weight in gold; the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes needs women for work in the institutes that follow the Services wherever they are needed, supplying everything soldiers, sailors or airmen may need from a meal to complete equipment.

This is a whole-time job, of course, but not under military discipline and well worth knowing about. Write to Imperial Court, S.E.11, or telephone RELiance 1200.

Consider the urgent claims of the Red Cross, of St. John Ambulance, and of the A.R.P. Services. *They all need you.* Take first the Red Cross. Go to your nearest first-aid post and ask where you can enrol for the two simple examinations that entitle you to membership.

Go to your nearest warden's post and ask if they want more part-time workers. You will have to take a brief training.

If you are in London and want to relieve workers at the war fund office run by Lady Kemsley (and they can do with typists and shorthand people, or typists who have not shorthand as well as workers of a more general type), ring GROsvenor 2234 at the house next the King's old home, and see what they want.

Finally, if you are game to do occasional emergency work of any type, canteen work, driving, escorting and so on, ring the headquarters of the Salvation Army at 101 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.1—CENtral 2350—and ask them if there is anything doing, stating clearly what you *can* do.

JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

* THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Summer

The days lengthen: Spring ripens into Summer: your skin itself takes on a warmer, softer glow . . . If tanning suits you and you tan healthily and naturally, Elizabeth Arden recommends her famous SUN TAN OIL in Honey or Café shades. If your skin is fair and you are inclined to burn, SUNPRUF CREAM will enable you, according to the amount you use, to regulate your tan to the exact shade you have decided is most becoming. If you wish to prevent tanning altogether, you need Elizabeth Arden's PROTECTA LOTION. Complete your Summer make-up with an Elizabeth Arden lipstick. For the untanned, there is her delicate Spring-like "Primula": for tanned beauties, "Burnt Sugar" or vivid "Chariot."

Sun Tan Oil 3/6 ★ *Sunpruf Cream 3/6* ★ *Protecta Lotion 6/6* ★ *Lipstick 6/6*

Elizabeth Arden

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FULL STEAM AHEAD!

These are days of action — momentous days. This is not the time to recall past achievements — stern, vigorous and constant endeavour for our Nation must be the order of the day. In Mr. Herbert Morrison's words, we must all "*Go to it.*"

In that task Ford shoulders its share. The vast resources—human and mechanical—of the great Dagenham factory, are on urgent National work—to the utmost.

. . .

We will return some time to telling the fine story of Ford engineering genius —just as we shall return to the making of ever-better cars for the pleasant highways of peace-time. Meanwhile . . .

FORD MARCHES ON

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED LONDON AND DAGENHAM

WAR and the MOTORIST

By A. Percy Bradley

AFTER the comparative stagnation of hostilities during the winter, recent events have moved with the speed of a racing car. In fact, conditions alter so rapidly that it is quite impossible for me to be certain that when my notes appear in print what I have said will be at all applicable when this issue is published. Whatever happens, however, we have had sufficient experience to realise that modern warfare is practically a matter of machines and little else. Unfortunately for us the British public has never been as keen on aviation or motoring matters as have the people on the Continent with the result that only a small proportion of our population know how to drive a car or pilot an aeroplane. This sad state of affairs which existed at the outbreak of hostilities is now being quickly remedied.

I think the civilian population could definitely lend a hand so far as the teaching of car driving is concerned, but, of course, flying tuition is a matter which only the authorities can undertake. Although every man who finds his way into the army, air force or navy may not be allotted the job of driving a motor car or riding a motor cycle, every one in khaki or blue is bound to be more useful to the nation if he can control a motor vehicle. True, the Forces have large establishments where driving is taught to the newcomers, but as it is more than ever necessary to speed up training, every one about to join any of the services should make it his business to know how to ride a motor cycle and drive a car before he is called up. It is here that I think the civil population can assist, or, at any rate, those who own motor cars. Every one of us must know at least one young man who will shortly go into the Forces and who cannot drive. My advice is to get hold of him and teach him how to control a car at the soonest possible moment. It is a matter which should really be dealt with either by the authorities, the R.A.C. or the A.A., but if no national scheme is in operation then we can each do our bit in this direction individually. I realise it is difficult perhaps to find the necessary petrol, but I am sure many would not object to sacrificing a portion of their basic ration in such a good cause. Before acting on my advice it is just as well to get into touch with one's insurance company in case a small increase in the insurance premium is required.

In peace time we motorists used to exercise to the full the right of grousing whenever our motoring liberties were curtailed. In wartime, however, in spite of the most drastic interference with our activities we have submitted without a murmur, and, I think, that not a solitary word of complaint will be heard during these difficult times even if further restrictions have to be imposed for the safety of the country. What worries us most at the present time is the risk of being shot at if the challenge of a sentry is not heard. By now we all ought to recognise that sentries are posted at innumerable places along our roads, and in consequence it is incumbent on us to drive with the utmost caution, and at such a speed that we can pull up with safety should we be confronted with a barricade unexpectedly around a blind bend. I am sure that many of the accidents which have happened to drivers and their passengers have been caused by the challenge not being heard, but it seems to me that if a driver is all the time on the alert he has little excuse, at any rate, in daylight for not seeing a barricade or sentry. The moment one or other is observed speed should be slackened to a crawl in order to make certain whether a challenge is going to be made or not. At night time sentries usually wave a red light, and if the speed of the car is reasonable, as it should be, then there should be no difficulty in coming to a standstill almost before the sentry issues his challenge. No one in their senses can possibly wish to make the task of a soldier any more difficult than it must be and so an immediate compliance with any request on the part of the military authorities should be forthcoming.

Personally, I consider a motorist can assist the military to the maximum by not driving at all during the hours of the blackout unless the journey is definitely essential.

IT has been suggested quite frequently that all pleasure motoring should be prohibited as petrol consumed in this way could be used for better purposes. We have it, however, on the authority of the Minister of Petroleum that the car owner who uses his car for recreative purposes, and thereby consumes some of his basic petrol ration is not being unpatriotic. If the authorities were not wholly satisfied that the petrol stocks in this country were sufficient they would, I am sure, have no hesitation in reducing the basic ration or stopping private motoring altogether. As a matter of fact I doubt very much if there is much pleasure motoring at the moment. Busybodies who see uncamouflaged cars travelling along the roads immediately jump to the conclusion that the drivers are out for a joy ride. These self-proclaimed patriots fail to realise that a very high percentage of the workers in almost every munition factory and workshop engaged on the production of war material travel to and from their work by car. If these busybodies are in any doubt in this matter they have only to pass by any such factory in order to see the hundreds of cars parked in the vicinity. It is a great pity that these people who frequently spend some of their time writing letters to the newspapers were not taught when young to mind their own business, or, at any rate, to be certain that they are themselves a hundred per cent patriotic before criticising the activities of others.

REPRESENTING BRITAIN AT THE NEW YORK FAIR

This 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce "Phantom III" is the only car to be sent from this country to the New York Fair and will maintain the British car reputation for workmanship and quality. It is fitted with a limousine de luxe body, with a specially patented de ville extension by Park Ward. The exterior is painted a special shade of maroon relieved by coloured fine lines and a chromium moulding. The interior woodwork is inlaid with a gold line and there is an automatically illuminated cabinet at the centre of the back division with a cut-glass decanter and a set of glasses. There is generous accommodation for luggage, and there are lights to illuminate the running boards and luggage compartment

As good as getting

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A new set of

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PLUGS

A new set of Lodge plugs will not only ensure high engine performance, but will also virtually increase your petrol ration, because old and defective plugs cause an engine to waste petrol, whereas new Lodge plugs ensure maximum mileage from every drop.

Lodge plugs are obtainable everywhere from 5/- each and are made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

Makes White Steps WHITE

Give your front steps a lasting Whiteness by using WHITE Cardinal Polish. Easy to apply and WILL NOT WASH OFF IN THE RAIN. Also in Red, Cream, Buff, Green, Blue, Brown and Transparent.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

CARDINAL POLISH Of all Dealers

CP/DT/3

A Gift to the Nation (*Continued from page 9*)

hell out of us so I can get into a nice safe lifeboat an' bail for my life," the mate said through his teeth to Mr. Tredeen. "I've more steam in my left arm than there is in your boilers."

"Let us know when it gets up to your ankles," said the chief engineer and departed rapidly for his swashing inferno.

Wearily Captain Billingsby gave the word to heave her to. As they had laboriously climbed the latitude his breath had grown shorter and the bones of his face were nearly through his skin.

Next morning it did moderate. The wind left a soaring swell that picked up the ship in easy mockery, then dropped her casually, without weight or malice.

It occurred to Mr. Hall that this thing couldn't last for ever; that the position marked on the chart was where she was and not just where they wished she was. Turtle-like, she had crawled within a day or two of landfall. This was English weather. They were that close. Mr. Hall swung out the lifeboats on the davits and ordered lifebelts kept handy.

"Maybe the gag is to get her to within sight of the granite cliffs o' Cornwall or the red cliffs o' Devon, or the white cliffs o' Dover and then let her dive," the mate said to Mr. Rieser. "That way it would be a lot gallanter. Swankier, huh?"

Mr. Rieser started to pat his arm and then changed his mind. "The old man wants to bring her into Plymouth Sound, within sight of Devonport dockyard, where the navy turned him down," he said cheerily. "I know a pub on Bedford Street where——"

"I know more pubs in Plymouth than you do and I won't buy any o' you Limies a drink in any of 'em," Mr. Hall snapped. "I'm an American, I am, and I don't belong around here in the war zone and I'll feel damn silly sinkin' in the Channel an' probably gettin' pinched for it. Furthermore——"

He stopped as his roving eye encountered smoke in the greyness a couple of points on the port quarter. There was quite a bit of smoke in sight when the bridge was lifted high on a swell.

It was a convoy. There was soon no doubt of that. And the merchant ships in it were making speed—about twice that of the *St. Nicholas*.

A destroyer came knifing and soaring up over the swells for a look at them. She seemed to bring thicker weather along with her, for the convoy vanished. The drizzle started in earnest, a speckle of tiny, clinging globules that drifted carelessly through misty air.

Captain Billingsby, letting go his hold on the rail, stared over the dodger at the destroyer with longing eyes and an expressionless face.

They managed to convince the destroyer commander by megaphone of their good faith. The old man's breath wasn't equal to megaphoning. But seemingly the destroyer commander had heard of the *St. Nicholas*. The lean, fierce little ship spun around and left them. No chance of a crippled ship like the *St. Nicholas* joining the convoy.

But, on converging courses, in the mist, the convoy joined the *St. Nicholas*. One ship, a big imposing cargo liner whose long bridge structure gave intimation of sizeable passenger capacity, came within the veil of fog around the stern of the labouring little tramper.

"Zigzagging," said young Mr. Rieser wisely.

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Hall. "I——"

Gunfire cut off his voice. Gunfire ahead, somewhere in the mist.

Gunfire!

"They don't shoot guns for fun in this kind o' weather, with a convoy on their necks," Mr. Hall said. "Not even navy swabs would do that."

In the wheelhouse a cockney quartermaster was gripping the wheel as if it were fighting him and breathing hard through his mouth. Adenoids, thought Mr. Hall, and peered past the wheelhouse at the big ship astern.

She had been headed to pass to starboard under their stern but now, with gunfire in her ears, she was swinging quickly to port, to get back into the company of other ships.

Suddenly Mr. Hall let his breath go out of him in a sudden cry. One arm jumped up to point; the other grabbed Captain Billingsby's pipe-stem arm and jerked him around.

"Submarine!" the mate snapped out. "Broad on the starboard bow! Periscope—her deck's awash!"

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the *St. Nicholas*. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub and pinned the cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly turning bow.

"But——"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonized protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But——"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed for suddenly his voice quickened:

"Get the men out of the engine room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section of the forward wheelhouse wall. He crawled through a shattered frame of glass.

The bridge was a grotesque curve. Staring past it Mr. Hall saw her bow was gone—chewed off. He was numbly glad that her hands didn't bunk forward. Number one and two hatches gaped open. Hatch boards and tarpaulins had long since been flung skyward by the blast within her. Already there was water boiling up through those hatches. She was nosing down to the bottom. The dead weight of scrap metal within her made her eager for that last dive.

Mr. Hall looked around. He saw Mr. Rieser bending over something beside the port side of what had been the wheelhouse. It was the old man he was fussing with and the old man's grey head was bloody.

Mr. Hall looked aft, at the tilting deck, with men moving fast though none too purposefully, in a fog-framed disaster.

"Abandon ship!" he bawled through cupped hands. He grabbed Mr. Rieser's shoulder. "Get the port lifeboat afloat—let go the falls or cut her loose—so she'll drift clear. A swell mess——"

He and Mr. Rieser and the old man's body went sliding all together. It looked as if an enormous sea had risen up ahead and was preparing to come down on her. But it wasn't that. It was the ship lifting her stern high and sliding bow first down into the sea.

Green water overwhelmed them as Mr. Hall made a grab at the old man's body. He hung on, kicking with both feet and thrashing with one hand, fighting too hard to wonder how much drag a sinking ship really exerted.

His breath went fast. His struggling and even his grip on the old man were failing when his mouth came through into air. He breathed and then he tried to lift old Billingsby's head.

The swirling seas had cleaned off the old man's head wound with merciless thoroughness. Mr. Hall saw at a glance that Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, was dead.

Gasping hard, Mr. Rieser emerged from a wave. A good few men, most of them floundering towards an overturned lifeboat, were visible amid the debris of the *St. Nicholas*. Close past them, with guns hammering, knifed the nearest destroyer. The submarine had disappeared.

Just visible, the huge bulk of the freighter ploughed on steadily. A big, modern ship, that.

Rieser swam towards Mr. Hall. The Canadian's smile was gone. He stared with blinking, salty eyes at the mate.

"Wha' did I tell you?" gasped the mate. "He got us torped——"

"You don't need to hold him up now," Rieser panted and scowled at him. "The old man's dead."

"Sure!" Mr. Hall said, kicking vigorously. "He should ha' tried to ram. Hell, he might ha' made it."

He breathed at the wrong moment, expelled a mouthful of water, coughed and pointed.

"Shove that hatch board over," he choked. "Maybe these Limies will want t'—make a fuss over the little guy—just f'r gettin' his ship sunk. An' if that's so I want t' see all the doin's. It's so damn—ridiculous! Heave him up on it!"

Mr. Rieser helped drag the old man up on to the hatch cover. Then he looked across at Mr. Hall and a faint shadow of his old grin crossed his face.

"What a lousy hypocrite you turned out to be, mister," he said.

END

Salute to England (*Continued from page 11*)

This brings us to that nasty word "complacency"—for it has been used almost too much lately. There's another side to that medal. The Englishman's nerves, for instance, are kept smooth and supple by these very things I've been talking about—the daily good nature and the little amenities of his life. Result, he might "take things" a little too easily. On the other hand, he's not taut—and he doesn't die a thousand deaths before he goes into battle. There is not a British commander who does not know that the sense of humour of his men is their greatest safety valve—and, often, their best prop in time of danger.

Well, that's a thing which we outsiders love a lot in British character.

Some people might (*Continued on page 54*)

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think these are small things. I don't think they are; I think that things like these stand the Englishman in more practical everyday use—in days like these—than most of the more grandiose virtues. They help the human machine to take up the wear and tear.

From my conning tower, as a foreign newspaper correspondent in London, I watched England ride the world slump. I wrote then, near the beginning, that if character counted England would be the first nation to recover. It wasn't that I had such an overwhelming faith in your financial genius. It was just that I went down to Throgmorton Street the Monday that England went off gold—and I did not see even a ripple of panic.

One remembers things like that when someone asks you what do you think of England and the Englishman. You remember them—and you feel that all this coolness cannot go for naught. They aren't accidents.

ENGLAND is not a worried country. And I often feel that most of your strength must come from the peace of your countryside. Even for Englishmen who have never seen their own country, such as the London kids never had, so many of them, until they became evacuees. There's something there, deep in these islands, that is the base for the outcrop of British character. Here again, something that has grown—in the heart—and is no accident.

I RODE with the Welsh coal miners during the British General Strike—and stood on the football field at Pontypridd, in a pouring rain, while thousands of them bared their heads and sang: "Land of Our Fathers." And the sound was so deep and earnest, coming from the hearts of these men, that, to me, it lifted that whole struggle to another plane of battle. I know many of the fairy glens of Wales. But when I am in that part of the world it is not its beauty that most haunts me—it is the decent-living, earnest faces of the miners in the Rhondda Valley.

The pride of those Welsh families is another thing to salute in Britain.

I SUPPOSE the supreme feeling that comes into my mind, and heart, when I consider English life is the wholesome soundness of it. You do not proceed in hysterical surges of either progress or politics. You let the English rustic remain on the land, unchanged, much, by either programmes for his betterment, or made desperate by world conditions. You fix a certain minimum wage for him—to protect him now that the old employer's obligations have gone—and, when a strong labour element enters your government in mid-war, you immediately give this landworker a step-up in these wages so that he may hold his place under the present strained conditions. You let a blatant Fascist party agitate in this country until the very last hour and fifty-ninth second—and then only arrest its leaders when you catch them actively militating against Great Britain. These things are not relevant examples of, but they are part of the gradualness and composure of English existence—they are the opposite of a wild stampede for change (which, incidentally, means either losing your way or losing your head).

BUT perhaps the greatest example of stability and soundness in English life is the one you least talk about—I mean the steadiness of your big industrial cities. No country in the world, with certain major export trades and markets permanently depleted, ever faced a more imperative demand for readjustment of its national life. You did this gradually. You "went tariff" to protect some of the basic major trades. These trades, such as textiles, began to specialise more acutely, so as to win back certain former mass-markets. New industries, by the legion, began to sprout in southern England, to make *modern* goods, such as radios, and specialities for the new world tastes. It was wondered, at the beginning of the slump, if England *would* change herself to meet these conditions. Well, she's done it. And so lacking in sensation has been this re-orientation that many people do not even know how it happened.

But the greatest miracle is the way the big trades, such as iron and steel and machinery, have thrown themselves into full gear to meet an eleventh-hour demand in this war. The people, the workers, the technicians were there—they had not rotted since the last war; they had been sharpened and made realists by the world slump—and they are now manning the machines to meet the challenge of a nation that for six years has been manufacturing a maelstrom of materials.

They have shown that England still has the old strength of men and women—when a national call comes to use them.

IN the eight months almost immediately preceding this war I made a survey which called for acute weighing of British democracy in action. I made a tour of the African colonies. Here, if anywhere, was the *thing* itself — for I won't attempt to define democracy—in process.

And even on the spot it was very hard for an impartial observer to make up his mind about it. In the old German colonies I met many Germans who pointed out, with anger, their previous work in research, the way the present resources of the territory were being let lie undeveloped, and what *they* would do when *they* got the country.

"Why, instead of three thousand Englishmen, we'd have fifty thousand German settlers here."

"Yes," I asked, once or twice—"but what about the natives? Where would they go?"

"They would work on our farms!" declared the Germans.

It was true. Hitler has left no doubt as to what he would do with the black manpower of Africa. If he can make slaves out of the Polish land-workers, he would be capable of even chain-gang methods in "Darkest Africa." And it would become Darkest Africa again.

I BEGAN this article with the tribute that the two outstanding Indian leaders have paid to England. I would end it by asking you yourself to consider what high hopes (if unspoken tribute) the natives of Africa pin on Britain's success in this war. You can see for yourself why so many people, even outside the Empire, are proud to salute England. She means Freedom.

END

Instead of a Holiday

(*Continued from page 22*)

with which the thin are peculiarly afflicted. As an alternative with either tea, the following dish is excellent in regard to taste and vitamins. A bowlful of sultanas, washed and covered with water over-night. By morning they will have absorbed the water and swollen. Spray them with a squeeze of lemon and a little brown sugar.

In every case your breakfast should be utterly different from your usual morning meal.

Breakfast over, lie and dream. Sink back into that magic state between sleeping and waking, the state that has been denied you because you have to jump out of bed half asleep on other mornings.

Lunch should be light. The lighter your meals the finer the rest for your digestion. A good vegetable in season this month is corn on the cob, several cobs make a substantial luncheon dish. They act directly on the pancreas and energise it. Your pancreatic gland regulates the distribution of your food and its conversion into sustenance. If the pancreas is functioning properly, nothing can go wrong with you.

Towards three o'clock become active. By now your body should be rested, stimulated, purified and the evening depends on the dictates of your mood. If you are wise you have been careful not to forestall or commit this haphazard day, so that you are now free to do as you choose.

Pursue your own favourite activity. Garden, play games, paddle a canoe, walk. If you are one of those who cannot rest till they have dealt with their correspondence or their business affairs, dive into your papers, make your telephone calls, as the aim is to please and tranquillise you.

No holiday can be complete on physical relaxation alone, there must be mental compensation. A holiday sets the mind in rhythm.

Goldsmith's recipe is "Old friends, old wines, old books." Even in these times it still holds.

Get together then, share old jokes, old memories, new pain, and therefrom derive great fortitude. From such contacts springs the desire to start off again, and if you can only keep that desire at full pitch, the interest in your goal will be *live*, and these occasional days off will be all you will require in health and mind for a holiday.

END

Happy Endings

(*Continued from page 23*)

foot, it is either because the skin on the sole is too thin (nourish with olive oil) or because the transverse arch of the foot has collapsed: this invariably leads to considerable aching, weariness and burning.

See that your shoes are always a third of a size too large for you—to allow for spread in working and walking—that they are on the right last and give sufficient support to your instep and transverse arch. This can best be verified by inspecting the throw of your foot in the shoes in the X-ray machine installed at most shops.

The first task is to obtain smoothness and banish protuberances. Bunions have to be bandaged. A callous has to have a pad on either side and over it, so that at no point can it come in contact with the shoe. These pads have usually to be fixed by an elastic bandage. A corn should also be padded to either side and very carefully pared once a week.

Corns are the more general complaint. Besides anti-friction pads, there should be a top pad soaked in castor oil, held on by a sticky plaster, as castor oil rots the corn and one so treated will soon diminish.

Ingrowing toe-nails are dangerous and crippling. Visit a chiropodist. There are many different causes, and home treatment will depend on the one to which yours is due.

Hot feet usually mean swollen feet. If the perspiration has an unpleasant odour you should consult a doctor, as treatment will be internal. The only external remedy is a hot sea-water or carbolic foot bath. After soaking in this wipe the feet with witch-hazel—which acts as an astringent—and dust them with boracic powder. If you do this twice a day during hot weather the tendency to hot feet will gradually vanish.

Screw your feet up on their sides, twist them round, up and down, and knead them at the ankle; wear broad heeled shoes, and you will always have a slim ankle. If your feet are thin, massage them with oils. If thick and flabby, dip them in methylated spirits. Treat them occasionally to a pedicure, have the toes trimmed and made exquisite. Then your feet will delight you.

END

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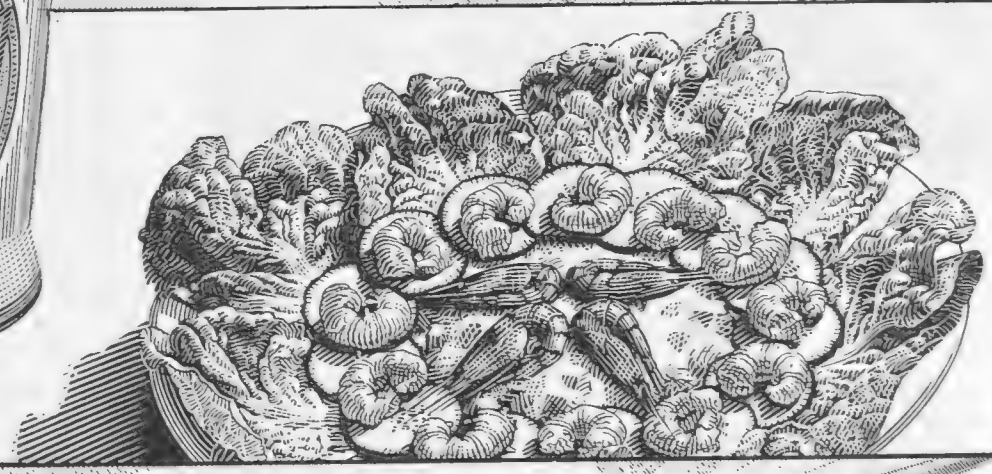

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In Heinz Salad Cream you have nourishing butter fats in the most delicious form, for this perfect dressing is made with thick cream, and new laid eggs. Combined with fresh vegetables and fruits it turns salads into perfectly-balanced food — with all the mineral salts, vitamins, proteins and energy fats you need to keep you fit and flourishing. Grow and eat more salads and dress them with Heinz Salad Cream!

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Secret Service

(*Continued from page 35*)

desperate to you if you can learn to take things in your stride. There is something heartening and gallant about a woman who always looks neat and fresh despite sudden rushes of work or the wear and tear of leave days, packed with excitement.

Never try to renovate a tired make-up. Always have a simple but complete beauty outfit ready to slip into your bag. You can work out for yourself what you will want, and it is a very easy matter to make a chamois leather or oiled-silk case that will hold small bottles.

At home you have probably always used far more skin food, skin tonic, and cleansing tissues than you really need. Use all creams sparingly and smooth them gently into your skin. Any cream that is not absorbed at the end of twenty minutes is wasted and thereby provides visible proof of your extravagance.

Skin tonic goes much further if you add it to a piece of cotton wool that has been wrung out of cold water, and briskly pat your face and neck with it. For most of us the scarcity of cleansing tissues is going to be a minor irritation, but you can do without them if you use damp cotton wool or small squares of very fine butter muslin.

Disasters are so often easier to face than minor inconveniences, be sure that if you have suddenly to put up unexpected guests as so many of us have to these days, you can do so without making any fuss. You will earn their lasting gratitude and admiration if your store cupboard is never short of one or two new toothbrushes, a clean powder-puff, a spare razor and a supply of blades, cigarettes and matches, a packet of chocolate or a tin of biscuits to put beside the bed, a bottle of aspirin, eau-de-Cologne, smelling salts and some bromide to quieten strained nerves.

Export Trade

(*Continued from page 21*)

she could, if it were demanded, increase that seventeen to eighteen, even nineteen or twenty knots. The lean gun on her poop promised to hand out to such a murderous pursuer at least as good as it sent: possibly better. Apart from stealthy night-time torpedo attack—and the convoy system mitigates the risk of that—I'd be disposed to put my money on the freighter if it came to such an issue.

She was armed, too, against aerial attack. She had endured exactly such attack coming home. Heinkels had dived on her, willing her destruction; one had been stopped in mid-air and compelled to take that last, fatal dive which is always so sudden and so completely final—leaving nothing but a smear of oil and, if the air-murderers are lucky, a lone, lorn rubber boat afloat with protesting castaways, craving help from those they had hoped to make their assassinated victims.

MY opinion was that she was a trifle too big, maybe. Years ago, when pleading for the construction of a wartime Merchant Navy, I had advocated fast ships of no greater burthen than 5,000 tons. An enemy torpedo can sink 10,000 tons with equal ease to 5,000, was my contention. The bigger the ship the more the national eggs in one basket. If two ships of 5,000 tons sailed in company, one at least might dodge or survive attack; better half a loaf than no bread. Speed and handiness were the desiderata required.

But this good ship's captain put another point of view. Once you had speed and handiness the rest—safety—followed as a matter of course. And by this present arrangement you could carry 8,000 tons of vital commodities without endangering a much greater number of merchantmen's lives, or consuming a much greater proportion of invaluable fuel. Maybe he was right—he was the expert. What I do know is that this freighter impressed me as a wartime gift from on High.

Her designers, too, had recognised that strained nerve and worn-out bodies required—and deserved—adequate rest and recreation. Though stark as a convict cell outwardly, her inner accommodation was opulent in a manner that would have opened the eyes of crack liner passengers of the last war. It seemed a tragedy that such lavish furnishings—such a wealth of Eastern timber such useful beauty should even run the risk of being torn to fragments and cast down to the bottom of the littered sea.

BUT the outstanding feature of all was the accommodation for handling cargo: handling it swiftly and surely, so limiting the wastage of prolonged stays in port, when a ship may be considered to some extent a loss. Never have my seafaring eyes seen such a mass of useful, sensible gadgets. Wide hatchways, a lack of the obstructions, such as stanchions and beams, below; powerful winches and cranes and derricks: all of these factors, employed at breathless pace, treated the inflowing tide of invaluable exports so swiftly, so competently; that it was, for all the world, as if the commodities were running along a clear gangway from England's heart to the remoter corners of the wide world.

IT used to be a thrilling, romantic experience to visit Dockland in bygone days and watch the inward cascade of rich and rare commodities from the outside world. There were spicy scents assailing the nostrils; and names to charm the imagination were stencilled or rudely splashed on fascinating packages that contained the rarest silken carpets of China, the fruits of India; the tea of Ceylon; ivory from East Africa; rich gums from the Orient; mysterious luxuries whose use and origin were indicated only by cryptic ciphers on the camphor-wood packing cases. But it was a more thrilling, more romantic experience to watch that Niagara of British-created utilities pouring into the gaping holds of that good ship: a stouter argosy than any Jason ever pictured in his wildest flights of fancy.

HERE was concrete evidence of Britain's industrial mobilisation. The dockside streets were crammed with valuable things: many of them needed by ourselves, but sacrificed to build up that sixth column of international confidence which is as vital to our future existence as the brave hearts of Dunkirk or the munitions of our thundering factories. Only by construction shall the people survive—a fact Hitler might ponder over. Destruction gets no one anywhere in the ultimate issue. Hitler exports blasting engines of death; we export manufactures to endure—so that we shall find, beyond our victory, a world made ready to rely on us as builders. "By their works ye shall know them!" World opinion will be the most vital factor in the rebuilding of that great new world where wrong is eclipsed and right triumphant.

INTO the yawning caverns of the great ship's hull poured the cream of our industry, still devoted to the arts of peace. The linens from Northern Ireland, of which we have, without a pang, deprived ourselves, go to swell our credits abroad. They are as valuable as bills on the Bank of England: even more valuable, for these are tangible things: not dependent on the tide of victory. Machinery, fabricated with all the skill of which our craftsmen are capable, streamed into busy Dockland. Only two suggestions

of war were immediately apparent: the saucily cocked anti-aircraft guns on the ship's upperworks; and the giant aeroplane cases being lowered into their temporary resting-place. Even the consigned aircraft were in a measure constructive: they were going to a loyal colony to instruct ardent young imperialists in the art of defending the Commonwealth against insensate attack.

Scotland's whisky swung giddily in great parcels off the littered quay, to be absorbed in the capacious maw. Prohibitive to us—even to Scotsmen!—it is currency in the exchanges of the world. The humming looms of the North contributed mountains of manufactured goods: cottons, woollens and the like: a tireless stream, illustrative of the busy hands and undaunted minds of those whose lot it is not to bear arms in the national need, but to work ceaselessly and uncomplainingly on that economic front which will endure long after the armoured Siegfried Line crumbles away into nothing but a sordid memory.

A HANDFUL of miles away the enemy guns were seeking to pound our expeditionary force into ignominious surrender—and failing! The rumbling mutters were audible when the wind-gusts served; but the attitude of all Dockland, from truck driver to ship-master, was one of complete unconcern. They were in no wise rattled. They were simply Britons, whose backs were to the wall: and they presented an impression of solid confidence that was more heartening than a thousand flamboyant broadcast "stamina-talks." The ship would sail very shortly; and she was required to navigate through waters whose dangers can hardly be assessed by laymen. But her crew looked on this superlative hazard as part of any day's work. Long-range guns from the French coast might have her in range; U-boats might lurk in unsuspected quarters; there was the chance of vicious, pitiless air attack: the entire German hate stood to be unleashed against the argosy; but I saw no evidence of a single quickened pulse or the wobbling of a single pair of knees. Here was quiet, unadvertising courage: of the sort that works the prayed-for miracle when the worst mows gibberingly in our faces.

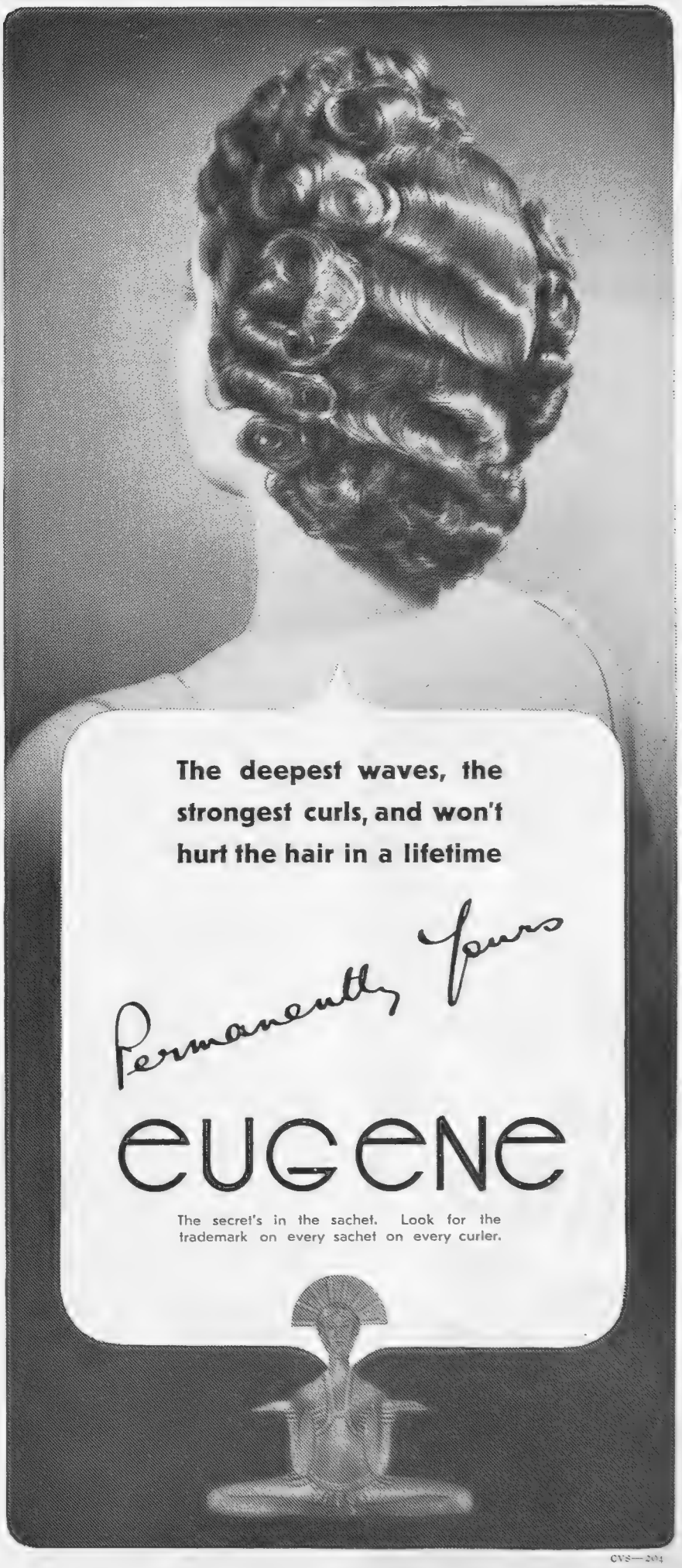
"We'll get there all right," said the ship-master. "It would be a pity to make a gift of all this effort to Davy Jones!"

SO the endless stream continued to pour. It might have been compared with a nation's life-blood; and a sceptic might have said it was draining the British body of its most needed nourishment; but it was not so. Here was our spare produce leaving our shores: indicative of the relentless determination of the motherland to mobilise all her resources, great and small, in defence of what she considers—as all the righteous world must consider—the Right.

We must build up credits against the incalculable expenditure forced on us by war. Let us say the ancient system of barter is again revived, if ever it was abolished. Every case of honest goods struck down into the big ship's holds was a handful of specie in Britain's current account. By the defiant guns of the Royal Navy and the staunch hearts of our airmen and soldiers, we are permitted to maintain our export trade; but it is the unlauded common man, the common woman: the heroes and heroines of loom and bench, who render the final victory certain. Export trade: the spirit which animates the body of the Empire and keeps it glowingly alive!

WHEN I left that good ship, whose holds had piled half full without fuss, without even the stentor shouting one associates with fevered Dockland, the queues of waiting trucks seemed to have multiplied. There was no cessation of the tireless stream. As my ship filled and moved to sea, another, equally fine, was ready to take her place. Britain's wealth streamed on, to find harbour where that wealth could most beneficially be employed.

END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Books (*Continued from page 17*)

besides rare personalities, a period, a London, now poignantly remote. I confess to a selfish interest in it, for it was my fate to be born in the Beaufort Gardens, Brompton, house of Whistler's friend Walter Winans, U.S. millionaire, champion revolver shot, where he was a frequent visitor; and these personal links matter.

DR. KATE MARLOWE'S daughter in Miss Rose Macaulay's "And No Man's Wit" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) expects in novels "the art that takes life, adventure, love, hate, revolutions, murders, people, conversations, jokes, and moulds them into a neat, lovely, dazzling pink shape like sherry trifle stuck with almonds." One can only hope that she is a regular reader of Miss Macaulay, for where else will she find such ingredients compounded with brilliance and wit, the almonds bitter-sweet and salted?

"Between the ending of the last civil war and the outbreak of the next, which is usually in Spain quite soon, Dr. Kate Marlowe, a mother, a doctor, a liberal, and a humane, active, fussy woman, drove into Spain." She was in search of her son, Guy, missing since he fought in the International Brigade, and she had with her this novel-doting daughter, a very left son, Guy's fiancée Ellen, and a Communist chauffeur, Ernie Kent, who had also fought in the Brigade, saved Guy's life, and even watched him "very smartly tricking a Barcelona tart out of the money she had pinched off him and another chap," so maybe Guy had looked after himself and neither fallen off the mountain where he was last seen nor into the hands of the Frankies.

They become the guests of a Spanish marquis who was at Oxford with Guy, and then the fun begins. He falls for Ellen's mermaidenly charms; Guy is located in strange guise; the dialogue shimmers and sparkles in Spanish sunshine. Miss Macaulay as commère of a political fantasy, *Malice in Francoland*, is the Bee Lillie of novelists, for there is sharp satire in her romantic fooling.

Mr. Bechofer Roberts ("Ephesian") in "The Ministry of Wishful Thinking" (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.) brings his satire to Whitehall. Ambrose Pevensey, senior civil servant, hears that his department is to be evacuated to the very rural district whose water supply scheme he turned down: a pigsty belt where "rainwater barrels, wells and earth closets are the order of the day—and night."

An idea saves him from this shuddery fate: create a ministry to foster roseate, triumphant thinking. "Crude propaganda is played out," he expounds to a colleague. "Nobody believes in it any more." "Yes, they've axed half the Ministry of Information," Manson agrees. "Piano tuners and all."

In place of piano tuners the new ministry boasts, among other cranks, some braw Heelanders with second sight whose job it is to wish calamity on the enemy. "According to my calculations," says expert MacTavish, "Adolf Hitler should have experienced severe headaches and a perceptible diminution of cerebral power within two weeks of the beginning of our wishing, followed by a gradual spread of debility throughout his entire physical system." But Hitler hasn't. "Never mind," Ambrose yawns. "Go on wishing. I'm not finding fault with you."

That is the Ephesian humour. If you can still laugh in these days without getting toothache, Mr. Bechofer Roberts is your man. From his charming Surrey farmhouse among the Leith Hill pines he offers you a beaker "full of the warm south," a book of joyous fun.

"TWILIGHT LOVERS," croons naughty Perry Snow as she sits on the arm of a chair and swings a provoking foot. "*Le petit cinq à sept*, they call it in Paris. Where the men leave their offices a little bit early and get home to dinner a little bit late. Twilight affairs, they call them here. I had never dreamed of joining the legion."

But she does, in Miss Grace Perkins's "Twilight Cheats" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), after meeting Andy Lane in a New York elevator. The elevator sticks, and so does handsome Andy, though he is nearing forty, happily married to Martha, and the father of three. What shall Martha do, with her youth gone and vitality underproof? Make a new woman of herself and fight to win him back! Yes, sir. But she is outmatched by this twilight sleep business, and not until Perry dies of appendicitis and (hush, hush) they adopt an "incubator" baby boy.

Oh, neatly, nicely done. May not devoted husbands pass through the twilight to a lovelier, braver day and reflect, after all: "She was a woman, his wife?" Dear Martha, and dear Andy, who never meant any harm'

MISS ELIZABETH SEIFERT'S "A Great Day" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) delineates, hour by hour from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., the pinnacle day in the life of Stephen Blair, chief of the Blair Drug Company, U.S., which sells nostrums at fancy prices. Steve, who began in a provincial chemist's, has milked the public on a grand scale, and now he is to make speeches on the completion of his vast new building, the whited sepulchre of his abounding success: speeches in which he uses words like *builded* where in ordinary talk he would have said *built*.

But there are snags. His elder son, Chris, whom he hoped would carry on the great dope corporation, steers wilfully for serious medical research. His daughter, Jean, is in love with an eminent doctor—and real doctors shame him. His wife, broken on the wheel of his ambition, cannot share his triumph. So what was left? "A tired old man, Steve Blair. And a big, white, empty building."

Miss Seifert won a £2,000 first-novel prize with "Young Doctor." This story of an old doper is a significant successor, and the technique of telling it by dialogue cut-backs from hour to hour bracingly original.

TO ENJOY Miss D. M. Wilberforce's "Lamb in Wolf's Clothing" (Faber, 7s. 6d.) you must believe that a young nurse behind the Somme front in 1916 could change into an orderly's uniform to drive a car up the line, become batman to an R.A.M.C. major and live the life of an ordinary soldier, undetected for months.

There were difficulties, intensified when she fell in love with the admirable major. Once, for instance, she went all of a tremble and insisted on sitting down and crying instead of washing up when she heard him talking about a pretty nurse. The major, thinking "he" was ill, said: "Well, turn in, and I'll get a light and come and run over you." She had seen how he "ran over" patients. Most awkward!

I don't find the situation very convincing, nor some of the khaki dialogue in which the major says a "fighting machine" made a "beautiful descent," and he saw no one "alight." We just didn't talk that way. Miss Wilberforce should have had her MS. vetted by an old sweat; and I can see him saying, "Lumme, Miss, if we'd 'ad this 'ere 'Private Oakley' on our ration strength we'd 'a' spotted 'er the first time she corfed, not 'arf!"

Her story, all the same, is a tribute to the nobler side of R.A.M.C. service in the field.

MR. RAFÆL SABATINI'S "The Marquis of Carabas" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) needs no praise. It is another "Scaramouche" romance of the French Revolution which begins with a bout in a fencing academy and takes the reader through chivalrous, swaggering adventures in his best style and the loves of noble ladies typified by "a virginal slenderness not to be dissembled by her panniers of flowered rose silk," and hair of palest gold piled high above a short oval face lighted by eyes of vivid blue.

One *mot* caught my eye—Sheridan's scathing retort to Mr. Pitt's assurance after the Quiberon disaster that at least no drop of English blood had been spilled: "Yes. But honour bled at all its pores." At least no one can ever say that of our gallant but hapless B.E.F.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 38)

On Duty

sells a nicotine remover, which would deal with ink, nicotine and vegetable gardening. If you cannot use varnish, buff the nails to keep them nice looking, but remember to buff them in one direction only, using a powder polish and a well-padded buffer.

IT is often the littlest things that build you the largest reputation for efficiency. Learn a thing or two about removing stains from materials and you will be surprised how your good reputation grows. Here are some do's and don'ts which you will find useful:—

1. Don't try and get bloodstains out of any material with hot water. Hot water will coagulate the blood. Soak the stained part in cold water for a considerable time and wash afterwards with tepid water. The same thing applies to milk stains.

2. When you are dealing with a fatty or greasy stain add an alkali such as soda, soap powder, borax or ammonia to hot water and wash thoroughly.

3. If you are trying to clean any enamel bowl or receiver which has had iodine in it, find a little one-in-twenty carbolic lotion and swill this over the remains of the iodine. You will find it disappears at once. You can use the one-in-twenty for materials, but the carbolic is apt to rot the material, so rinse with plenty of cold water afterwards.

4 Stains from medicines can be dealt with by plain water or methylated spirit.

YOU'D be surprised if you knew how many people give the impression of being slow-witted when they are really just slightly deaf, and the mental strain of being hard of hearing if you are doing any kind of war work is tremendous. The "Ardente" people have produced a number of new aids to hearing which must be a godsend to these people. The "Ardente" is so small that it can be worn in a brassière without bulging and there is also a brace attachment for men without the least interference from cords or batteries. They have even produced gas-mask handbags with sockets and pockets for all your bits and pieces, including lipstick and ration cards, with an "Ardente" fitting disguised as a decoration. You can get these either for day or evening wear.

Off Duty

having tea with the reminder "Don't forget that walls have ears," the man in uniform saying to his girl friend, also in uniform, "Strictly between you and me," the couple leaning across the table saying, "Of course there's no harm in *your* knowing," while Hitler listens to them under the tablecloth, and in the centre there are the two women prattling together with Gœbbels and Gœring in the background and, "You never know who's listening," printed underneath. You can get the hankies bordered with four different colours—navy blue, royal blue, scarlet or nut brown—to match the predominating colour of the different pictures. Each hankie costs two shillings.

IF any girl asked me how to make a man feel sentimental over her this summer I would tell her to put her trust in Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom series. Furthermore, I would lay a substantial bet that if she did so her dreams would come true. The charm works this way. You sprinkle ten drops only of Apple Blossom Bath Essence into your bath and relax for five minutes in the deliciously scented water before you begin to use a good all-over friction with rubber sponge and Herbal Bath Soap. When you come out of the bath you can use the Apple Blossom Perfume as a skin friction and finish up with a dusting of Apple Blossom Dusting Powder. This range includes a pinky rose rouge, lipstick and nail groom and a matching peach pink Apple Blossom Powder which is designed to bring out all that is prettiest in the real English complexion.

"I could never have believed the difference these creams would make"

says

The Countess of Radnor

Analysis of *Lady Radnor's* features

1. *Shape of face:* A long oval, with a very smooth, broad forehead.
2. *Eyes:* Wide, grey-green, with white lids and dark lashes.
3. *Nose:* Classically straight and finely formed—the skin smooth and free from coarse pores.
4. *Mouth:* Wide, well-modelled—no lines or wrinkles at the corners.
5. *Chin:* Short and finely modelled—with very fine-textured, velvety skin.
6. *Hair:* Dark, smooth and shining.

Lady Radnor possesses the unusual charm of dark hair allied with fair skin. Though her hair is dark as ebony, her skin has a lovely, fair transparency.

"But of course I take every care of my skin," says Lady Radnor. "My regular use of Pond's Creams has kept my skin smooth and fine and counteracted any tendency to sallowness. Until I tried them I never could have believed the difference these creams would make."

Pond's Creams can make a difference to *your* complexion, too. After only a few weeks your skin will look clearer, smoother, finer. Little lines and wrinkles will disappear, large pores close up, sallowness give place to a fresh pink-and-white, and roughness and dryness vanish away. You'll be enchanted with the new youthfulness of your appearance.

Start using Pond's Creams today. Use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse your skin, and, if it is dry and parched from exposure to the wind, use it as a lubricant as well. Pond's Vanishing Cream used during the day, protects your skin and makes a smooth foundation that holds powder on for hours. You can buy Pond's Creams in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.

★

THE COUNTESS OF RADNOR has beautiful dark hair, and a wonderfully smooth, clear skin. Her war-work is nursing. "It keeps me very busy," she confesses, "so you can imagine how thankful I am that I have never needed complicated beauty treatment. Regular care with Pond's Creams is all my skin needs to keep it soft, smooth and free from lines and blemishes."

P.S. HAVE YOU TRIED **POND'S** *Lipstick?*

The New Economy
The Amazing "KONERAY"
"KONERAY"
PATENT PENDING
Pleated
Skirt
"KONERAY"
The first and only ready-made skirt with graduated knife edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug-fitting hip line—pleats that do not gape but remain in as long as the skirt is worn. A skirt for formal wear and for everyday wear . . . ideal with a contrasting jacket . . . that looks equally well with blouse or jumper. Wartime economy suggests a "Koneray" for your wardrobe. Available in Worsteds, Tweeds, Checks, Authentic Tartans, Pure Irish Linen, All Wool Flannels, All Wool Cream Serge, at all good drapers and stores. From 30/-.
Manufacturers: C. Stillitz, 14-16a Shore Rd., London, E.9.

Bomber Attack

(*Continued from page* 16)

300 m.p.h. And then the moment comes—the tanks below lose coherence in their crawling advance, they hesitate and break line and some begin to turn back.

At that instant, there runs a signal, not only to the "Beauforts" but to the infantrymen in the British trenches, crouching like hounds in leash. Out they come in a sudden torrent of pouring khaki, and they run up to the tanks and throw bombs and level rifles as they race beside them.

And then from out of the higher skies comes an attack from German fighters—an attack that has been expected and prepared for, but that has come, now, too late to save the scattered and smashed tanks below.

Down they come like thunderbolts—'Schmitts and Junkers and Dornier battleplanes and Heinkels, in overwhelming numbers, circling and climbing and diving and doing dangerous stall-turns for position, and all the time pelting the "Beauforts" with lead from above and below and port and starboard.

Our own fighters are up, and the "Beauforts" have guns, and there is one deafening massed dog fight, with the din of bursts of gunfire like great elongated crashes. . . .

And then a "Beaufort" is hit first in one and then immediately in the second engine, and spouts of oil and smoke, and falls like a stone from out of a cloud of midgelike attackers, and the gouged earth littered with wrecked tanks jumps upward as if it were one of those trick movies, and things look pretty tight.

But though the machine is mortally hit, and the jettison gear has already been used to get rid of fuel before the unavoidable crash, and two of the gunners have baled out and are floating down by parachute, the pilot manages to make some sort of a landing right way up, and even if the ground is hit with an almighty smash and the machine is a write-off, no lives are lost.

And there, on the torn earth, with one broken wing cocked up over the edge of a tank that has been ripped as if with a giant tin opener by a 100-lb. bomb, the crew of the "Beaufort" climb out and watch the two parachutists settling towards a distant meadow, and stare round them on a scene of ruin and carnage indescribable.

But—the R.A.F. has done its job. The German advance has been held, a tank attack smashed, many enemy tanks captured and the infantry are growling away in the distance in a magnificent counter attack.

The bombers have shown what they can do.

END

These Famous Faces

(*Continued from page* 25)

famous actor. If Jack Gilbert had married Garbo he might have been alive to-day; I like to think that together they would have accomplished great things for the screen. Of all the happenings I have watched in Hollywood during the past fourteen years, I believe the transformation of Greta Garbo is the most amazing.

In 1926, Hollywood had its pet "Hey-hey Girl." Her name was mentioned in every dine-and-dance resort; her flying red-brown hair, her slender acrobatic legs, her twinkling toes were watched for eagerly, whenever Hollywood indulged in one of its dance contests—and that was practically every night of every week in the year. That hey-hey girl was Joan Crawford. Very new to Hollywood, very brash in style, very crude and noisy and flamboyantly young, Joan Crawford laughed and danced her way from the Cocoanut Grove to the Biltmore, and back again.

In the studio it was the same story. She wore clothes that shrieked, almost as loudly as the hails she gave to every one on the lot. Joan wanted to be friends with her fellow-workers—how desperately she wanted their friendship to heal her bitter loneliness she herself told me, much later on in her sensational career. My first glimpse of her in action was when she came running down one of the main streets inside the studio grounds, with her great friend Dorothy Sebastian tagging along at her side. Joan wore a bright pink dress, and a lot of make-up; she was hatless, and her hair blew madly in the breeze. She was laughing and calling out to every one she passed. "Hi, there! . . . How ARE you? Hallo, there! . . . Come and let's have some lunch . . . Hi, there! . . . Don't forget that date of ours for this evening. . . ." So it went on.

When I asked who she was, I was told her name was Lucille LeSueur, but that the studio had changed it, by means of voting in a big magazine, to Joan Crawford. "A noisy kid—but a grand scout; and boy, can that girl dance! She's going places, all right; remember I said so, won't you?" said my informant. She "went places," all right.

The following year Joan, still dancing in masses of floating orange or crimson chiffon that swirled and billowed round those magic legs, had been promoted to bigger and better rôles. She went to the beach far less often, and when she posed for publicity stills, they had, as a rule, some sense behind them. In other words, her apprenticeship was over, and she was on her way to stardom. Looking at pictures of the Joan Crawford I remember so well in those days, and the poised, exquisite, sophisticated, restrained Joan Crawford of 1940, I find it difficult to believe they are one and the same individual. But they are. Yes, Joan has certainly "gone places."

Memories of Norma Shearer, whose Hollywood career began at almost the same time as Joan Crawford's and has marched side by side with it at the same studio right through the intervening years, show her as one of the hardest workers I have ever met, in any job. Norma's work was her entire existence. She had won a great chance; and she had made up her mind to make good, or get out of Hollywood for ever. Nothing was ever too much trouble for Miss Shearer. Every one in the studio adored her, because of her willingness to co-operate with any department over anything that came up in a day's toil.

Naturally, the years have made a change in Norma Shearer; she has gained chic and charm and ease of manner. But in some ways she has changed less than most of the stars I have watched climbing the ladder in Hollywood.

The first time Claudette Colbert saw and heard herself on the screen she burst into tears, rushed out of the projection room, and vowed she would never face a movie camera again. She liked acting; she *wanted* to act. But what she looked like, and what she sounded like in the first very early talkie, that so nearly cut short her screen career, was just something else again. Her voice, when she made her first talkie for Paramount at the Astoria Studios, on Long Island, was strangely husky. I sat on the set for many afternoons listening to the making of this pioneer effort in film making. Those were the days when the microphone was hidden in a lamp shade, or a vase of flowers, or between the covers of a book. And after each scene there was a play-back, through a loudspeaker, so that the cast and director could tell if what they had done was fit to be used, or must be consigned to the ash-can.

That huskiness in Claudette's voice was due to a series of colds that had attacked her incessantly since her childhood. These colds robbed her of a promising singing voice, and made her terribly self-conscious of the way she sounded when she spoke. Later, she had her tonsils out; and after that her voice sounded so much better that she managed to laugh herself (*Continued on page* 62)

All through our childhood there was magic in these words. As we grew older "the holidays" were looked forward to throughout the working year.

But today... the German armies have over-run half Europe. Thousands have fled from their bombed and burning homes. Invasion threatens our Island. We must put aside all thought of going away for holidays until this war is over and victory is won.

So let us speed up our war effort. Let us lend our "holiday money" to the Nation. Put every shilling into National Savings (Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds, Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks). The money is urgently needed to pay for the equipment of our fighting forces —for the defence of our shores, our homes, our lives.

Make your holiday weeks National Savings Weeks!

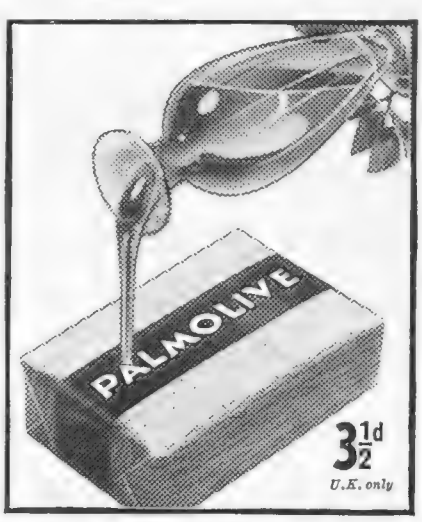
Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

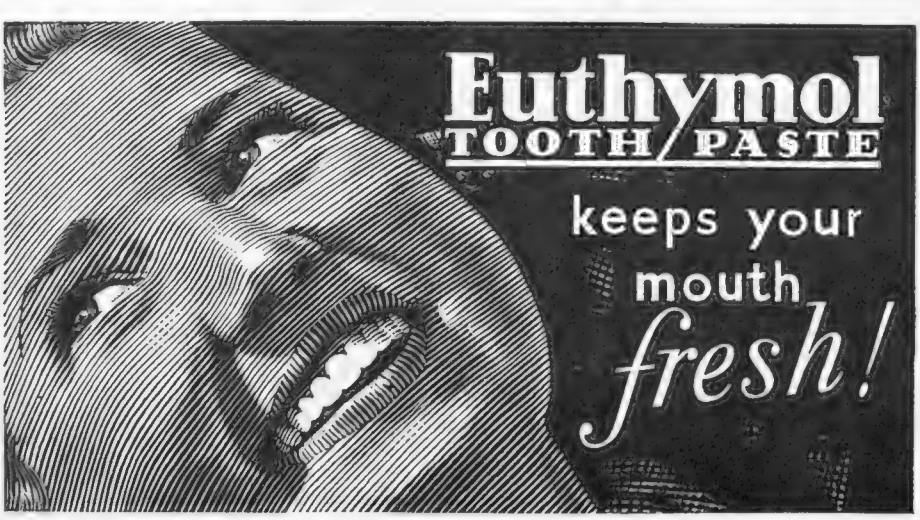
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS ARE IN!

Simple fashions ask for the natural *complexion this olive oil soap can give you.*

Pretty-pretty styles are out, but Schoolgirl Complexions face up to the times. They *look* charming, they are practical — and easy to come by. Palmolive soap is so rich in olive oil that every Palmolive bath is a beauty treatment! It's sure, it's safe and it's economical — make it *your* soap!

Nowadays, when vegetable oils are increasingly scarce, this wonderful soap is the best you can choose. For a generous supply of olive oil — nature's own beautifier — goes into every Palmolive tablet to soothe and nourish your complexion all over.





out of her fears that she would never get anywhere on the screen. Always well groomed, with intelligent wide-set brown eyes and thick brown hair, Miss Colbert has not changed a great deal since she has become the biggest wage-earner among actresses.

LORETTA YOUNG is twenty-seven years old this year. She was a gangling youngster of fifteen when I watched her at First National Studios, in 1929, and marvelled at her ability and poise and freedom from stupid schoolgirl mannerisms. Loretta lied bravely that she was seventeen, to win a part for which a studio really wanted her elder sister, Polly Ann Young. Polly Ann was away from Hollywood when the telephone call came through; Loretta answered it, and went to the studio boldly, pretending to be her own sister. The director knew she was not Polly Ann; but Loretta and Polly Ann looked so much alike that he took a chance and engaged the youngster who had been plucky enough to take her sister's place.

The slender girl, with huge blue eyes and a rather pathetic smile, who went roller-skating madly round First National Studio grounds in 1929, was not at all unlike the exquisite Loretta Young to-day. For Loretta is still full of pranks and gaiety; she looks sad, but in reality she adores playing practical jokes and refuses to take herself or her work seriously. She may have grown up a trifle; but fundamentally she has never changed. Her face may have become famous, but in her heart she is still the kid sister of Polly Ann Young, trying hard to get a break in the studios where she had made up her mind to spend her working life.

END

"These Two"

(*Continued from page* 15)

danger spot. If they had known it was Francie, David's life would have come to a quick end; for his association with her would have pointed to a leakage in that direction. And matters were now very pressing, for the time of the intended operation was very near.

SUDDENLY matters took a quick turn. It was just after a whole company of the Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry (many of them friends of Francie's) had passed her in the street with their noses in the air, that she asked me to drive her out to Essex. When she turned up she had a bag with her. Her eyes were very bright as if she were going on some adventure, the outcome of which no one could foresee. In the car she told me I would have to drive back alone—she was staying in Essex; no, it was not with the Thompsons nor the Scudamores—she was just staying—in a house—well, as a matter of fact it was a block of workmen's dwellings. From now on she was just a working girl. She was taking a job.

I knew that was a lie, but I let it pass. Just outside a big munitions factory Francie got out and said she'd walk the rest of the way to the workmen's dwellings at the corner. When she looked back and waved farewell, I had a queer feeling I was not going to see Francie again.

Of course I wondered what she was doing there. If I had known then about that chain of "posts" and the "radio beacons," I should have guessed—Norfolk—Essex—it was on the way to London from the North Sea.

That was the reason for Francie being there. This particular house had been marked down—subsequently it was found to be described as "post twenty-nine" on the German Secret Service plan, and a very important one. Nothing could have been simpler than the arrangements. No one in the block of flats was needed as a confederate. A young "workman" occupied the top flat. That was all. There was a chimney, naturally, and chimney pots can

be removed if necessary. At a given time, when the air raid warning was on, a strong beam of light could be thrust by rods or by wire up the chimney—a matter of a few feet only. The light could be manipulated to give a flashing signal. Granted that the light would be reported and perhaps seen by British aeroplanes; granted that wholesale search would be made, that could only take effect *after* the raid and after the general dislocation resulting. And after all, what could happen? A few poor creatures such as David might be traced. What of it? Success—an attack on a vast scale that was successful—was well worth the lives of a few who were not even true Germans.

And it was towards this top flat that a young "workman" hurried that day. David had been first called to headquarters and then told to watch out—if his place at "post twenty-nine" were visited, it would mean that KN/X was on his trail.

And so it was in this place, this workman's dwelling, that the two lovers met. The moment he saw her he must have guessed—Francie was KN/X. What they said, what happened one cannot be certain, one can only conjecture—knowing the two of them. I'd like to think that after the first shock they smiled at each other as usual; and that, instead of dramatics, they sat down hand in hand and discussed it quietly like two old friends who have come to the inevitable parting of the ways. For it was good-bye—they must have realized that. And certainly they knew that only one of them could leave that room alive. For look to what an impasse they had come. Doubtless David would have given himself up rather than hurt a hair of her head. But there were his own parents, there were his young friends and all that their people meant to them. To go back on his bargain with the German Secret Service would have brought vengeance on them all—could he do this to them? Could you? Could any of us?

And Francie? She loved him, of course, nothing in the world would have altered that. What could she do? Could she let him go? Could she let the raid go on and see her people sabotaged, smashed and killed? No, here were these two lovers, who were such lovers, and yet they had been brought up against something bigger than themselves. Of one thing I feel sure, it must have been a love scene whatever the circumstances—and whatever the end.

It was dark before Sir Basil Calcroft rang me up and asked if I had seen Francie. I told him where I had left her. He was greatly agitated. Information had reached him. KN/X was marked down for special attention by the German Secret Service. Undoubtedly she was in danger. Could I show him the place exactly? It was a wild ride to the far corner of Essex, to the munitions factory and then to the workmen's dwellings. We did not know which flat it was but there was no need for a guide. Even as we went up the stairs the shots rang out.

And so we found them.

How it had happened one can only guess. David had died first, that was certain. I don't think there is much doubt that Francie shot him—she would have had the courage to give him that peace that could never come to him in this world; and, as there was no life for her after that, she must have killed herself. Only there were two hands on the gun—his and hers together. That was odd. Perhaps, after he had fallen, she had wrapped her hand over his and over the gun, and both of them, the living and the dead, had pulled the trigger together. I don't know.

So David and Francie were dead; but they were together—and that, I suppose was what they wanted more than anything else in the world.

And in her handbag, which was open, were several of those white feathers given her because she was shirking her duty in the war. The irony of it must have appealed to them. Perhaps they had their last laugh together over that. I'm sure they did. It would have been so very, very like them.

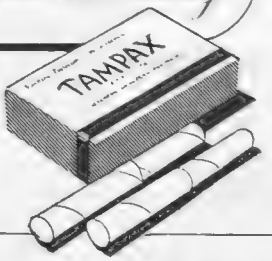
END

"What a blessing it is that *sanitary protection* is now worn internally . . ."

TO-DAY women can be on active service *every* day in the month. They're free of traditional disadvantages. Tampax has revolutionised the old clumsy and uncomfortable methods of personal hygiene. Tampax—worn internally—gives safe and certain sanitary protection while allowing full freedom of action. Tampax takes up next to no kit room. It's easily used and simply disposed of. And you don't know you're wearing it.

TAMPAX *Worn Internally*

REG. TRADE MARK



PRICES 1/6, 1/- & 6d. *Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, and other good class chemists; all good class departmental stores and drapers; Woolworth Stores and Marks & Spencer Ltd.*

Then there's **PROPAX**—*rapid relief for all sorts of pain and specially for periodic physical stresses. Forms no habit; won't hurt the heart. Not only gets rid of the pain; gets rid of the poisons that cause it. 1/3 and 2/6 from all chemists.*

YOU CAN'T DO A CLEAN JOB ALL THE TIME . .

but WRIGHT'S can!

• A warm wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap is something to look forward to. The foamy antiseptic lather carries away dirt, leaving the skin refreshed and smooth, fragrant with health, safe against chance infection.

ALWAYS USE

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

THE SAFE SOAP

AVOID IMITATIONS

Bound Jacket

(*Continued from page* 44)

of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 1½ ins. on centre st. Cast off.

POCKETS

Cast on 24 sts. Work st.st. for 4½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew collar round back of neck and join at centre back. Sew shaped top of sleeves together. Sew in sleeves. Bind edges and top of pockets with braid. Sew on pockets and buttons. If liked, a dart can be made from centre shoulder down fronts for 4 ins. Sew and press this.

Jersey

(*Continued from page* 45)

other row and at the same time cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Return to other 24 sts. and work to correspond. Pick up 24 sts. along both edges of one shoulder. Work all k. for 6 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES (Two Alike)

With pastel wool and No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts. Work all k. and m. 1 st. at beg. of every other row until there are 30 sts. Break off and work another piece the same, only increase at opposite edge. Now work right across all 60 sts. at once, with the two shaped edges together at centre and m. 1 at. at beg. and end of every row until there are 76 sts. Now work the bodice pattern until side seam measures 5 ins., including cuff. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Work straight until 5th block of open pattern is complete. Work 5 rows k. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Sew press studs to other shoulder. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Work double crochets round edges of sleeves and neck in white for one round, and in the dark wool for three rounds, missing out four places at corners to keep the points flat.

Belt

(*Continued from page* 45)

finger and thumb. You now have strand 4 in your left hand and strand 1 in your right. Pull tight up to the buckle. Half the knot has been formed, as Fig. 1 on page 45.

Second half of the knot is the reverse of this. Forget that the strands have changed places, and again call strands A and B to the left and C and D to the right. Hold right-hand strand out to right, and with third finger of left hand bring D under 3 and 2 and over to left, seeing that it falls over B. Bring B up over 2 and 3 and down between 3 and C. Your work should now look like Fig. 2, page 45. Pull tight up to first half. You will notice that the cords have fallen back into their original positions. Open the clip and placing 6 and 7 in clip form knot with 5 and 8. Repeat with last four strands. That finishes first row.

For second row, form only two knots. Place 4 and 5 in the clip and form knot with 3 and 6, and then 8 and 9 in the clip and form knot with 7 and 10. Repeat these two rows until the belt is the required length. Form a row of three knots, then two knots, then one knot in centre. Finish by running the two outside strands round together in a loop, one to the left and the other to the right, forming clove hitches (Fig. 3, page 45) round this "core" with all the other strands. The ends are then tucked in and sewn wherever they seem to lie best.

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*

Try this, using grapes, peaches, oranges or pineapple as a fruit juice foundation. Remove peel and skin and dividing the fruit into thin sections allow it to soak thoroughly in Red Point or White Point Wine—you'll get a different and delightful character from each. Then add an equal amount of soda and serve in a large jug with ice. As an accompaniment to the drinks, or for light summer meals, make your sliced fruit, soaked in Point, into a fruit salad, chill and add more Wine to taste. Then serve in fruit salad glasses.

*

These are luxuries that cost little—thanks to the economy made possible by these British produced Point Wines. There are 3 of them—*Red Point* (rich ruby wine of Port character), *White Point* (white sweet wine of Port character) and *Amber Point* (finest British Sherry) all available from your wine merchant at 2/9d. a bottle. Each of these is a wine of real character and quality and every bottle provides enough good wine for a number of fruit cups and refreshers.

POINT BRAND Wines 2/9

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The Thane Tradition

(*Continued from page* 19)

"I'm glad that Roger will be down tomorrow," said Aunt Evelyn, "there are a lot of things that I want to consult him about."

"It's difficult to get a word with him these days; the censorship bureau keeps him so busy." She changed the subject. "I've been having my portrait painted."

"So I hear. Is it good?"

"I think so."

"I'm afraid I don't understand modern portraits."

"They are lovely pictures here," and Jean glanced round the walls.

"Yes, we're very proud of them."

Then came silence. By this day next week Roger would be left to his earnest work in the censorship bureau and his futile traditions, and his wife would be in the Lake District with the man who had painted her picture, and could give her happiness.

They took coffee afterwards in the drawing-room, with the wallpaper a grandmother had chosen. There was a mildew on everything, Jean thought; a blight. How she would love to have the place and do it all up! Paint the walls off-white, carpet it in spring-like green, make it livable instead of a mausoleum to the pale ghosts of a dead tradition. Those women who had planted trees to commemorate the birth of an heir, so that the memories whispered about the house in leafy summer, or chattered in autumn, when the branches grew bare. She was not going to abide by thready traditions; she was going to do what Aunt Jane had not dared to do.

There came a telephone call for her, and she went into the library to take it. It was Keith.

"Hello, darling? How are things? How is the old trout?"

"Just as you might have expected."

"Is it deadly?"

"As ditchwater."

"This day next week we'll be in heaven." She thought of Wastwater.

"This is ghastly," she said.

"You shan't be bored next week. I'll see to that."

"Sweet!"

"I just wanted to say good night. Darling, I do love you so much!"

She thought of the inquisitive village postmistress, who always listened in, and she rang off. "Good night," she said brusquely, and she hung up.

In the drawing-room Aunt Evelyn glanced appraisingly from the naval scarf she was knitting; she liked affectionate marriages. "Dear Roger," she said.

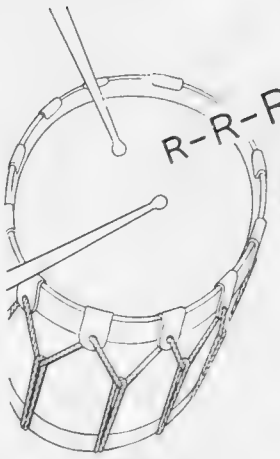
"Yes." It would not do to disillusion her.

"Very thoughtful of him. I think we really ought to make a start now. Put on something thick, your shoes look fragile to me."

They groped together down the unlit lane. The trees made eerie noises in the wind; Aunt Veronica was sighing deeply at the gate, creaking as though in travail. Behind them, Jean could hear Aunt Jane (who had missed everything worth having in life) with the wind screeching in her branches. This day next week she would be by Wastwater; she would be able to laugh about all this nonsense.

Aunt Evelyn led the way into the village schoolroom, still fetid from the day's schooling, with the maps hanging on the wall, and clay modelling at one end, and at the other some branches which had been gathered for the natural history lesson.

Roger's mother was on the committee; a pale-lipped woman, who sat giving her matterless opinion as if it were important. As though any of this mattered, when she came to think of it! Jean sat and listened helplessly. Here was a band of earnest people in a tiny niche, miles from anywhere, bent on doing their duty and believing that duty to be of major importance in the running of the world. They knew so little; she thought they could not even see the facts under their (*Continued on page* 66)



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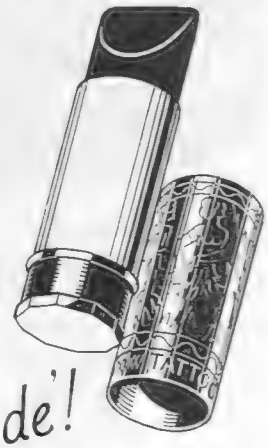

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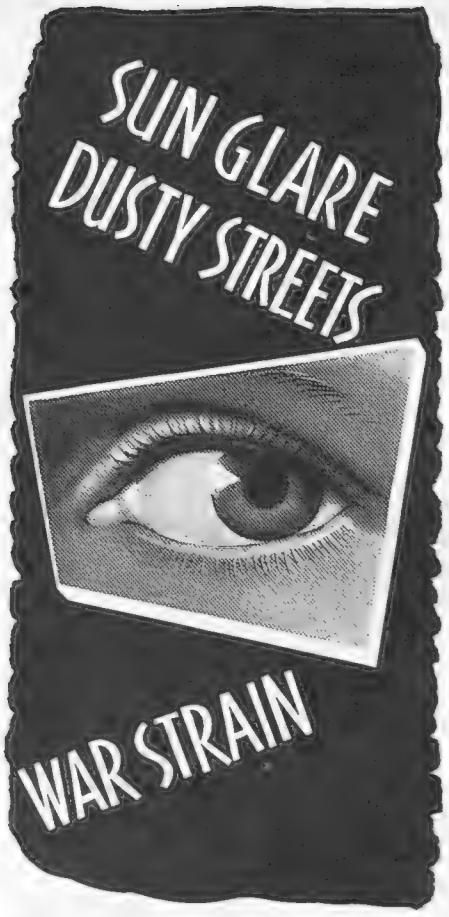

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noses, and she thought of the bright north light in Keith's studio, which made everything so clear.

Aunt Evelyn was extremely serious. She got up to make a speech ; she spoke well, but it was boring.

The schoolroom door opened a little, and she saw one of the maids who had waited at dinner, standing there. Catching sight of Jean, she beckoned commonly, with a crooked finger that jerked rather unpleasantly. Jean tried to ignore it, but couldn't. She got up and went to the door.

"It's Mr. Kenrick," she said with a sob, and held out a telegram.

"What did you say?"

"The postmistress brought it. She knew what was inside it, 'cos it was telephoned. Mr. Kenrick's killed."

The first reaction that Jean experienced was that her conviction had been right that the postmistress knew everything. They ought to have been more careful this evening. Her second was a sick horror that Kenrick, twenty-eight, full of life, could have died. Aunt Evelyn had been quite right, he should have married before he went out there, he ought to have left a wife to plant a tree for an heir.

The maid gurgled, "You tell her. You give it her, Mrs. Roger; I dassen't."

"I'll see about it."

She took the telegram, hot from contact with the awkward hand, and shut the door on the little hall, going back to her place.

She saw Aunt Evelyn turn a little, catch sight of the envelope in Jean's hand, and suddenly her face blanched. It was just as though somebody had rolled a white mask over it. Her voice went dead, but she still went on speaking. She knew the truth, and Jean realised that she knew, but she continued to make that speech as though she were an automaton. Jean stared at her, and the courage of the woman appalled her. She thought: She can't have loved him; she can't have felt as I should if it had been *my* son. But the cold, impersonal voice, which was a tin voice as though it had been recorded, warned Jean that Aunt Evelyn had realised the truth, and that she had loved Kenrick.

Then Aunt Evelyn, proud and dignified yet chalk-white, gathered up her things.

"There is nothing more that I can say," she said without hurry. "I have had a headache all day; if you will excuse me now, I'd like to go straight home."

She moved like a queen who has no personal life at all, only that of the state; Jean felt small and ridiculous, and utterly futile beside that bravely proud woman who came towards her.

"Your arm, my dear," she said gently, and only her eyes seemed to be alive in that dead face.

They went into the blackout, with the scent of wet earth, of green leaves, and wild parsley in the ditches; the wind had risen to gale force, and was tearing at the trees. They walked calmly through the wide old gate, and on into the hall.

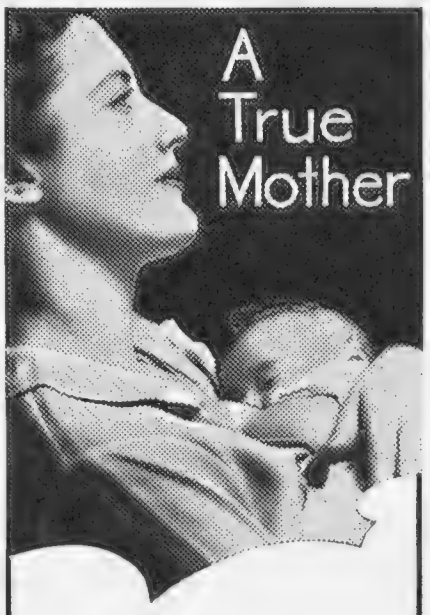
"If you will excuse me," said Aunt Evelyn politely, "I think I shall go to bed. My head, you know," and then, quite suddenly, she crumpled on to the hideous, over-patterned carpet.

All the time Jean had felt that none of this was true. Now was the moment for action. She telephoned for the doctor, she left a maid to ring up Roger, whilst she herself helped Aunt Evelyn to bed. Somebody had fetched the village nurse.

"I'll manage," she said to Jean. "You're young to face grief like this. You go downstairs and wait till doctor comes."

Much later, when the doctor had been upstairs and had come down again, she offered him a whisky.

"These women are made of great stuff," he said, feeling communicative over the log fire. "You cannot help admiring the courage which has gone into them," and he glanced up at the pictures of the ancestors. "The same courage, the same fine old fabric," and he gulped down the whisky.



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"I did not think she could be feeling it so much," said Jean apologetically.

"He was all she had, and you did not think that she was feeling it much? Oh, come now!" said the doctor.

"I know. I ought to have thought. She is going to be all right?"

"Yes, she'll be all right. Women of her calibre don't die with broken hearts, they live with them." And he got up. "Better get up to bed, Mrs. Roger. You look fit to drop yourself."

"It has upset me dreadfully."

"Naturally. He was a fine young man, we all liked him immensely. Your husband is the next heir, isn't he? Have you any children?"

"No." She had been afraid to have them; afraid of the responsibility, afraid of what they did to one's life. She was terribly ashamed. Suddenly all the things that she had thought small and insignificant and provincial, seemed to grow enormously big. They overwhelmed her.

"A pity! Still, there's lots of time." He set down his glass. "And now I must be off."

She went up to bed, but she knew that she would not sleep. The gale blew violently round the house, as though it wailed for lost Kenrick, as though it were indignant at the greater tragedy the house would have to suffer before the week was out. Herself and Keith!

If she had had children it might have been different. She felt bewildered. Roger would have to divorce her later on, then he could marry again and have an heir. With horror she remembered that the Thanes did not countenance divorce, and that Roger was the last of his line. Everything would end here to-night, unless a miracle happened, and miracles do not happen in ordinary lives.

She felt that she was to blame. She was the Thane woman who had failed the Thanes.

As she thought, there came the echo of a tremendous crash from outside. In a panic she thought of air raids, of sabotage, of the far-fetched horrors. Only when she peeped nervously round the curtain, did she see that the fir tree Aunt Veronica had planted for her son, had crashed down across the gate. It was as though it barred the way out. As though, in some psychic manner, Aunt Veronica's tree had known that Jean wanted to rat on their tradition, and would not allow it.

She had wanted the clear northern light of Keith's studio to see in; now all the confusing dimness seemed to drift away, and she saw before her the path that she ought to tread. The stars lit it.

When she went to Aunt Evelyn's room the next morning, her aunt lay in bed, and remarked on the pallor of the girl's face.

"I didn't sleep much; the tree falling in the night frightened me," she admitted.

"It should not have done. We think it is a good sign when a tree falls, it means an heir. A new tree to be planted for a new heir."

There was something terribly brave about her calmness.

"Please don't be kind to me," said Jean suddenly, like a little child. "Please be anything but kind to me; you don't understand. You don't know everything about me."

"You are Roger's wife," said Aunt Evelyn quietly.

Now Jean was realising how Aunt Jane must have felt when she had not run away with her schoolmaster lover. She knew that Aunt Jane had not been the idiot she had supposed her to be; she had been a courageous woman, a Thane woman.

"The telephone, miss," said the red-eyed little maid, and she went down to the library.

It was Keith.

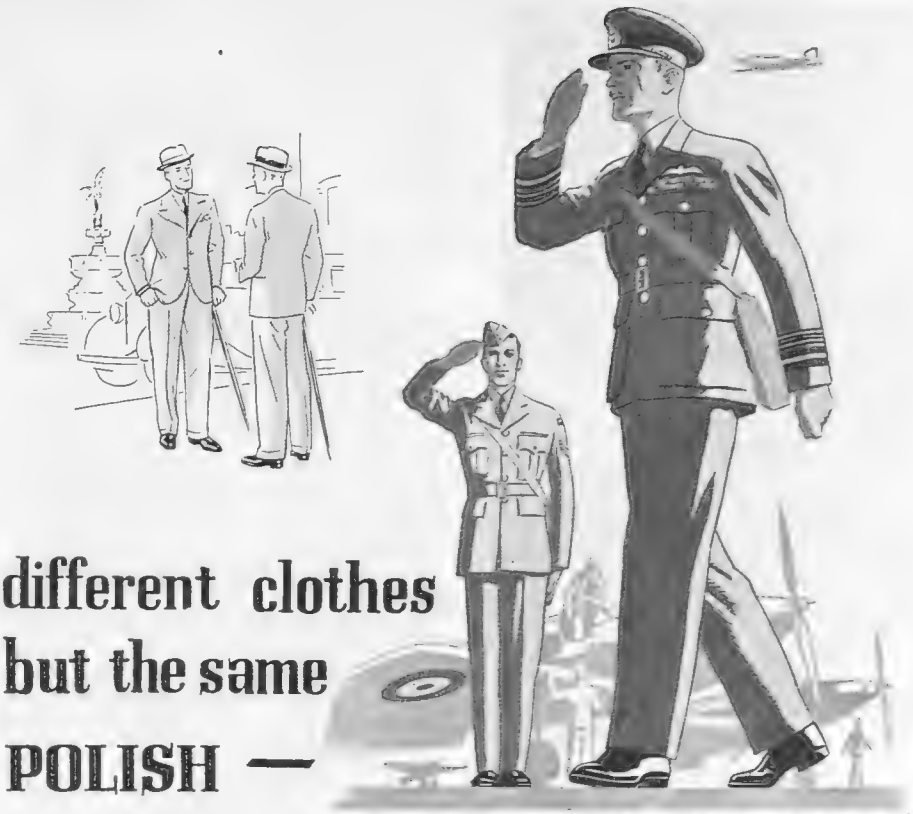
"Well, was last night's meeting too awful? What is the rumour going round about Kenrick?"

"It isn't a rumour. It's true."

"Good heavens. Pretty awful for her. How is she taking it?"

"She is being quite magnificent."

He said quickly, "Dreadful for you having picked this weekend (*Continued on page* 68)



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BREATHE THE VAPOUR

The Thane Tradition

to go down. Still, bear up, my pretty, and think of Wastwater."

She clung to the receiver as though it were a lifebuoy and she in danger of shipwreck. "Keith, we can't do it. Not now."

"Why ever not? This makes no difference to us."

"It does. I can't let them down."

"But what about letting me down? The scenes have turned your head, you aren't talking sense."

"But I am talking sense. If you had seen Aunt Evelyn's courage; there has got to be an heir, I don't expect you to understand, and I didn't understand myself until the tree blew down, but now I know."

"Hold a moment. This isn't sense. Jean, don't be silly, we are going to have such fun——"

"I don't want fun. I don't want that sort of life. I haven't understood but there is something about tradition and I am abiding by it."

She hung up.

Beyond the window the castle stood strong in the sunlight; nothing would ever move those walls, not even the biggest aerial bombardment; they would still stand. She also stood fast.

Later, she and Roger walked in the garden together. He looked very tired, and she was glad to have him out with her under the trees. It was lovely in the garden, quiet after last night's storm.

He said, "I don't think that I ever wanted all this. I was always glad that Kenrick would have it; he was such a good sort."

"One has to accept responsibilities," she said.

"Good heavens! That doesn't sound like you. I never thought that you'd take it this way."

"Why not?"

"Well, Jeannie," and then, "I'm afraid, dear, I did know about things. I thought perhaps this week-end might help. I took a chance."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that I knew. I hoped the tradition might do something, but was afraid even that was a bit threadbare."

She challenged it. "Tradition still holds. Roger, we've made mistakes, both of us, but we'll change."

"Just as we'll change this place when we come to live here."

"No, we won't. I believe that I like it like it is. It has personality. We could not possibly give it a new personality."

She was a woman for the first time. She had grown up; all along she had been a child playing on the fringe of life, but now she was different.

They came to the gate, where the fir tree was being cleared away by the gardeners, and the drive lay sprinkled with fronds and broken branches.

"Poor old tree, poor Aunt Veronica," she said, and then, very tenderly, "We'll have to plant another one."

END

Domestic Islet

(*Continued from page* 32)

local auction we managed to pick up quite cheaply, second-hand hen houses and a farm trailer which was fixed on to Barbara's ancient car. A pig house was constructed out of a disused shed. Fencing material was our biggest expense, but a vital one. The trailer is used for collecting refuse in the village for pig feed and for marketing the vegetables.

The pigs, piglets when we bought them, are grand doers. They have plenty of grass run to root in and despite the price of feed to supplement their free scrap rations, should show us a good profit, should we decide to sell rather than to save our bacon.

The hens have been a bit of a disappointment. They are a lazy lot. Perhaps too well bred, and I intend when I purchase again to get a cross-bred strain. Yet despite

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All that "Ranee" requires is: (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

their reluctance to do their bit in producing more food, our dozen have kept us in eggs and we have even managed to put some eggs down.

The ducks, on the other hand, have done us proud. With plenty of grass, a running stream and a pond at their disposal, they cost little to feed and the demand for their eggs is greater than the supply. They do so well that we intend to go in for them in a big way.

It was Theo's idea to start a Vegetable Club among our London acquaintances. She had some leaflets Roneo'd and circulated to a hundred addresses. It read :

> If you want really fresh vegetables at market prices, join the ISLET MARKET CLUB. Club will meet every Wednesday (Saturdays, too, if demand is good) at 22 .... Gardens, between 10 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Membership fee is 1s. This goes towards the running cost of the car which brings your produce direct from Islet Market Garden to you. Besides vegetables and fruit in season, we specialise in fresh herbs, home-made chutnies, milk cheeses, duck eggs, cut flowers.
>
> Advance orders given special attention. Come early in the day and get the pick of the market. And please bring a basket or bag.

The response was ninety per cent. and now we have a waiting list. The basement room of Vanessa's house was cleared of lumber, the floor scrubbed, and scrubbed deal tables placed round the walls. Here the goods are displayed, and here every Wednesday come the Islet Club members. As a result of the demand we have had to speed up production and Daniels, my ex gardener, is now reinstated on full time.

It is too early yet to talk of profits. Every cent we make goes back into wages and to form a fund for adding to our stock and for erecting fencing and improving the outhouses.

It is difficult to convey on paper the sense of well being and, as far as may be in these times, the sense of security, work on our Domestic Islet has given to us. For, so long as this tiny green scrap of England and these few birds and beasts remain ours, we can feel safe from whatever storms may blow in from the outer world.

END

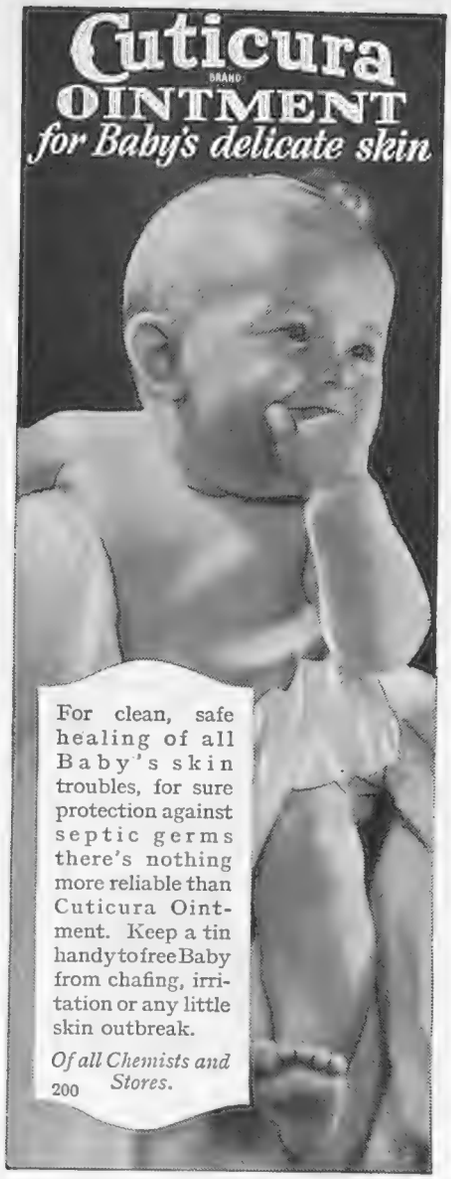
After the War

(*Continued from page 5*)

oneself that the Orient has never known the sanctity of human life, or even a decent living standard. Viewpoints from these stations of mental detachment help in this war, too.

But, what waste ! It is reckoned that the first world war killed 10,000,000 soldiers and 13,000,000 civilians, wounded 20,000,000 soldiers, orphaned 9,000,000 children, made refugees of 10,000,000 persons, and cost £67,500,000,000, of which half was spent actually, and the rest represents industrial stoppage and property destruction. Consider the world we could have built if there had been some central controlling and driving force which could have turned all that life and work power, that organisation, drive and recklessness, that wealth, to constructive instead of destructive use.

It represents millions of miles of paved roads, tens of millions of six-room dwelling houses complete with every modern device, tens of thousands of airports, hundreds of thousands of miles of much needed railway line, electrification of whole countries. With it, we could have rehoused the worker millions of the Americas, Europe and Britain, and built and endowed hospital and recreation centres to take care of 450,000,000 low-income-bracket people. Gigantic migration plans could have been financed and carried out, ensuring the orderly peopling and development of all those great empty spaces in the world which are suitable for white colonisation. A complete road-and-rail, and flood-protection system, on the American scale, could have been provided for China and its 400,000,000 (*Continued on page 70*)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200

YOUR HAIRBRUSH REBRISTLED

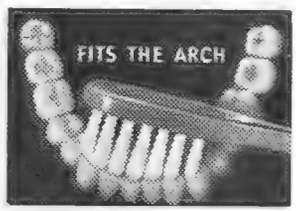
I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post,

JOHN HASSALL
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
Dept. L, 64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

Wash him now the weather's warm with
BOB MARTIN'S Dog Soap
Non-irritant, brings up 'bloom' of coat
Tablets 6d. from Chemists and Seedsmen

Reflection of a man of property, the property being one valuable set of healthy teeth—'4 Tek toothbrushes a year cost me 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. But that's not a lot to pay to keep these very fine teeth. I couldn't replace them for that !'

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The Toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly — to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush but don't expect a TEK.

Tek 2/- SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON

THE BEST TEETH POLICY

MADE IN ENGLAND

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON *(Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave*

NATURE'S WAY
with all GASTRIC and DIGESTIVE troubles

"Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous Slippery Elm Bark (*Ulmus Fulva*) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. Try this *natural* way to health to-day. ½ lb. 1/1, at Health Stores, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, etc. In case of difficulty—test sample 6d. post free from:
SUNTONA LTD., 77 Exchange Walk, Nottingham

SPOTLIGHT ON CHARM

Why let the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth rob you of your charm? Try KOLYNOS—and *your* smile too will be a pleasant memory. Use KOLYNOS regularly and soon your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

VARICOSE VEINS

QUICK LASTING RELIEF

Immediate restful support for the weakened walls of the veins comes with the use of Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery. Of the finest quality and value Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery is seamless and fully fashioned. Natural colour and perfect shape. Invisible in wear. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl Depots — in all sizes—prices from 12/- per pair.

FREE ADVICE

Whatever your foot trouble, it can be corrected by Dr. Scholl's World-Famous Methods. Ask at any Dr. Scholl Depot for free advice.

D'Scholls CORRECTIVE HOSIERY

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Kill the roots by a natural method not a depilatory, not electrolysis. Send for my HOME TREATMENT, 13/- Postage abroad 3/- extra.

Treatment at my Rooms from 10/6.

HELEN LAWRENCE, *Phone: Western 4518*
81 Earl's Court Road, Kensington, W.8

people, who live in about the same space, 3,000,000 square miles.

However, life, money, materials and energy were all blown away; and it was all waste, worse than useless, since the folly and complacency of the victors, and the fury and vigour of the conquered, merely clashed, producing the spark-seed of a new, greater, and more terrible war, in which the old enemy reappears with a machine of destruction, armoured and motorised, which compares with his old one as a Rolls-Royce compares with an ancient Model T Ford.

Production for this second world war will exceed that of the first one: for this is a war of machines, and production technique has enormously improved in every field of industry, and in agriculture, too. But there is a significant difference between production in the one war, and the other.

During the first vast muddled war, no one was doing any thinking or planning, and the post-war world was delivered without doctor or midwife. It was, largely, a freak, and rickety from the start. But this time the men who are making war are already planning for the world they will make after victory; and that goes for both sides. A Bevin in Britain talks, from his cabinet post, of the failure of big business and monopoly, and of a shift over from war to peace industry by way of public works; and a Schacht in Germany works with a squad of collaborators on his country estate on a post-war plan for the economic reconstruction of Europe under five heads: industry, money, markets, colonisation, world production and exchange.

Men were not ready, on the commercial or technical or any other side, for much of the production step-up of the first war. Consequently after the war great businesses collapsed, and there was a wild inflation, in which prices went soaring. Men had not worked out the controls they subsequently evolved.

Finally, many of the machines that are being used now for a wrecking job can be turned over when the fighting ends to peace purposes. These are the machine tools, the machines that make machines.

In 1914–1918, the British, French, Russians and Japanese, bought one-purpose machines from the great American machine and machine-tool industry. These did just one munitions job. They shaped a shell nose or turned a shell case, and so on. When peace came, they were scrap. But now these same four countries are buying all the machine tools they can get—fifty per cent of the total American 1939 output, and it will be seventy-five per cent unless the U.S. Government, itself speeding up war production, cuts down on export—but the tools are convertible for use in producing such peace-time products as tractors and refrigerators and motor cars.

This tremendous migration of the new tools which make machines, from the huge mass-production state where the technique of high precision and low cost in manufacture has been worked out to the *n*th degree, will mean much after the war; especially since Britain has turned herself into one huge mass-production workshop, and Japan, threatened with curtailment of cessation of American supplies, is rapidly developing her own mass-production industries, and Nazi experts are busy in Russia, reorganising the inefficient industries whose Russian organising brains an alarmed Stalin shot out in his great purges of 1936 and 1937.

America has shown what machines, efficiently handled, can do. With a population of 120,000,000, she makes half of all the manufactured goods in the world to-day, and uses ninety per cent of all she makes. Her steel mills can pour 70,000,000 tons a year, which is far more than all the European steel mills combined can output. Her motor car plants can roll out 8,000,000 units a year. Her aeroplane factories are stepping up production to 50,000 machines a year. And it is all done by machines.

The Nazis realise that, and plan—if they win—a grandiose economic imperialism which, Lord Lothian warned the Americans in June last, will "possess industrial resources which

SKOL is free from grease- and so gives you a deeper TAN

Join the happy, healthy band who safeguard holiday hours with SKOL. Gain new confidence, new glamour from natural tan. Get extra vitality from the *best* of the sunshine—all burning rays filtered out by magical SKOL. Non-oily (dries in seconds), non-greasy (sand won't stick to it), non-staining (won't damage scarves or beach-wear). From all chemists and stores, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6.

CHILDREN TOO! Guard sensitive young skins with SKOL and avoid painful, wakeful nights.

SKOL SUN-GLASSES

Safeguard your eyes! Cheap glasses are dangerous. Skol Scientific Sun-glasses are safe. Available in a variety of shapes and colours. 2/6 and 5/6 (Crookes Lenses).

SKOL
Stainless
NON-OILY SUN LOTION

SKOL PRODUCTS LTD., 1 Rochester Row, S.W.1

What's in a name?

Kia-Ora is a household word. What clearer indication of its worth do you need than that?

Don't go out without a little MISCHIEF!

A touch of "Mischief" adds an air of charming chic to your outfit . . . whether you're dressed for work or 'stepping out'. This gay, sophisticated fragrance has a most unusual attraction and it always keeps its first, intriguing freshness on furs, frocks, undies or hankies.

SAVILLE'S

Mischief

The romantic PERFUME that is always FRESH . . . . . .

In swagger black and silver flasks 3/- · 5/6 · 12/6 TRIAL SIZE 1/3

cvs—98

BARNARDO'S *are helping—*

Baby has biceps as well as this Barnardo Old Boy.

2,486 OLD BOYS NOW IN H.M. FORCES.

YOUR HELP to secure the "Kitchen Front" for our 8,250 children is asked.

10/- feeds one child for ten days.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Please help **BARNARDO'S**

After the War

will enable them vastly to outbuild your own defensive preparations, whatever they may be, *and that for ever.*"

Machine tools are made by labour's aristocrats, the machinists, who need the individual judgment that comes of experience, as well as a high degree of skill.

The United States had only 640,000 machinists at her production peak in 1929–1930. Only 52,323 were actually engaged in making machine tools—milling machines, precision grinders, lathes, the little family of machines which make the parts of other machines. It is estimated that this group of key workers has been about halved by death, failure to train apprentices, and occupational changes due to the prolonged failure of American industry to thrive under New Deal politics and policies, discouraging to business. Yet America is still capable of outputs on the 1929–1930 scale. Such is the magic of mass production.

With 50,000 machines, the huge Ford plant can output 2,000,000 motor cars in twelve months, working normal day shifts. Working round the clock, the production could be quadrupled. The machines are automatic. Most can be tended under supervision by men and women with only a few days training, who feed the machines, and carry away the finished work or let it drop on a travelling belt, or perform one operation in the production chain. But the 50,000 machines which make machines, have to be made by the highly skilled key men, the machine tool makers.

That, incidentally, is one of the "secrets" of Germany's lead in war production, which took the British and French by surprise. The Germans, planning war and building their war machine, developed their machine-tool industry, nursed and nourished it. Between 1933 and 1938 they increased production in this key industry eightfold. In the fourth month of the war the American commercial attaché in Berlin reported back to Washington: "The adjustment of the machinery industry in Germany to war conditions is based to a large degree on the efficiency and versatility of the German machine-tool industry."

Two years ago you could have bought all the machine tools you wanted in America, at low prices, with prompt delivery, and grateful thanks from machine tool makers who could not keep their works going full time, and had been obliged to lay off irreplaceable men. As 1940 opened, the bidding of British, French, Russians and Japanese had started a boom in the little key industry, with prices soaring, and no quick delivery possible.

Move the eye from the current war production picture, patterned around the machine tool, to the post-war world of some distant to-morrow, and the first thing one sees is a world population capable of production beyond anything we have known so far.

The production problem, which has worried men through the centuries and the ages, is solved. In to-morrow's world we have to find the solution for distribution. Inability to solve that problem so far is the root cause of most of our troubles, from slumps and political upheavals, to Nazism and the new war. It will be solved to-morrow by the creation of larger economic groupings among the nations, and, probably, considerable migratory movements.

Everything we use, wear and eat is likely to be cheaper: that is to say, people who work will get more in exchange for their toil and service of the things they want for daily living. And life will be very different; and people will not even look the same.

I made a note on that prospect a year ago, lunching with a chemical engineer in New York. He had brought along a pretty girl whom he introduced as his "laboratory mannequin." He headed a branch of the research side of a great chemical combine. In that restaurant, which was packed with women looking like fashion plates, the girl could have taken first prize for elegance. She was a vogue poem in yellow and lilac. And she was clothed (*Continued on page 72*)

Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time . . . it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman.

Write for free copy of ***"The Cult of Beauty"*** *booklet*

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

INVISIBLE 'HALO' Regd. AND 'TANGO' NETS Regd.

• In invisible Silk. Made in all hair shades. From Hairdressers, Chemists, Boots, Drapers & Stores.

ASK FOR 'HALO' AND 'TANGO' BY BRAND NAME and be sure you get them! *

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August 1940

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

completely in chemicals. Everything, from shoes to hat, including underclothes, fingernail lacquer and cosmetics, came out of the chemical plant. The base of the substances ranged from coal and wood, to farm waste, lime, salt, bone and tree bark.

This girl, and tens of millions like her, will marry, beget children, and centre her life in a home. There are great construction jobs to be done around the world. New cities, ports, railways, factories, road systems, have to be built. But unless or until we order our lives like the ant communities, our civilisation, whether in a Fascist or a free world, will always be composed of the unit cells of one-family homes, at best individually owned, and arranged and equipped to permit living on a level commensurate with individual abilities, which you can translate into terms of income and taste.

And that is the biggest job of all that awaits to-morrow's world builders. We have been astonishingly slow and unenterprising in the realm of providing ourselves with cities and homes which provide all the means of satisfying living. City planning has not changed much, except for the worse, since the Egyptians laid out Heliopolis, 3,300 years ago. Damascus, Tyre, Sidon, Persepolis, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Babylon and Thebes, were all planned to a definite and harmonious architectural design; and beside them the average industrial city would look like a smear.

Exploring London, the world's leading commercial city, they would find that most of the main roads still follow the ass and mule tracks made when Park Lane led to Tyburn gibbet, and the Duke of Westminster's £20,000,000 Westminster estate was farmland and pasture. They would find that most of America's 3,000,000 miles of paved roads still follow covered wagon tracks, and Indian trails made centuries ago. And they would learn that motorisation has made all except a small fraction of the so-called modern road systems obsolete, with the result that every year some 7,500 citizens in Britain, and 37,000 in America, meet violent deaths in road accidents, ninety-eight per cent of which (the latest American road engineer report would inform them) could be prevented by provision of adequate motor roads.

Pleased, probably, by the long straight roads of France, they would discover that they were the work of a war-minded individual, one Napoleon, who planned those roads for the swift movement of armies. And proceeding to Germany, and finding there the world's most advanced road system, they might be surprised to know that those "limited way" roads, constructed on a four-point principle to prevent the conflict between two opposing traffic streams, are an American invention, taken over and applied on a national scale by another war-minded individual, one Hitler. If they asked why peaceful people cannot do these things on such a scale, I much doubt whether they would get a ready answer.

Our visitors would find that in buildings up to twenty years ago we were still using Nebuchadnezzar's materials—stone, brick and wood. We can now show a Boulder Dam, the world's greatest piece of construction to date, and a Rockefeller Centre, a building which for size has never been equalled. But we cannot promise that these colossi will endure even as long as the great Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria, which was built around 280 B.C., and stood for sixteen centuries. As for architectural design, no modern has surpassed the Parthenon, the culminating masterpiece of Greek architecture, whose fluted columns still stand on the Athenian Acropolis.

Since the first world war ended, we have perfected new forms of construction, devised new and better building materials, largely rebuilt whole cities, and developed new and more attractive communities. We have equipped homes and buildings with a multitude of new mechanical aids for our greater comfort, ease and protection. We have evolved a sound system for financing home ownership, extending down to the wage-earning groups. And we have developed a new and better sense of beauty, in homes, gardens and public places.

But we have failed to spread these new things widely, or to organise our building and home-making with foresight and on a great scale. In Britain, we still have 68,000 different building firms, and buildings cost far too much. It took our Government fifteen years to tackle the big city slum problem, and face up to spending £98,000,000 to rehouse in 286,000 new dwellings the 1,250,000 men, women and children who dwelt in those noxious human warrens spawned by our industrial civilisation. When it comes to war, we can find and spend that amount in twelve days.

New York, the world's most progressive city, with a £100,000,000 annual revenue, actually is structurally decrepit. Half of the population of seven millions live in tenements and dwellings built in the nineteenth century. The Americans have seventy-five per cent of all the world's gold now: but they also have 10,000,000 homes not wired yet for electricity, while eighty per cent of their farmhouses have no bathrooms with running water.

Paris, the world's epicurean and fashion capital, could very well do with a completely new sewer and sanitary arrangements system.

PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your news-agent to make sure of getting your copy of "Britannia and Eve" each month.

A recent decision by newspaper and magazine proprietors throughout the country is now in force, owing to which no periodicals can now be offered for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each month.

After the War

NEW factors will influence building to-morrow. One is city decentralisation, and the growth of new cities around main air junctions—rivers, lakes, roads, railways and ports, have so far been the chief factors determining town locations. Another is the popularisation of flying, and the coming of the cheap private plane. A third is the air-conditioning plant, regulating not only temperature but air humidity in our homes. A fourth is the cheapening of electricity by improved generating methods and better conductivity of copper, and cheaper manufacturing of electrical equipment for the home.

A fifth factor is the replacement of timber and metal furniture by furniture, light and strong and shapely, made from plastics based on sawdust, corn husks, and like waste products. A sixth is aquaculture, enabling a town dwelling without ground for growing things to have its vegetable and flower gardens, the plants growing without soil in tanks filled with water impregnated with nourishing chemicals. Yet another factor to come is the individual contact radio set, and the television telephone.

Some pessimistic observers say that the twilight of our age is falling, and that the night of a new dark age will soon engulf all mankind. But the fact remains that in the midst of the contemporary war hell, terrorism, and insecurity, men all over the world go on planning, dreaming and working, at the blue prints of to-morrow's world. And in time they will cross the bridge into this world.

END

1.8.40

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Once, health was a gift of a life uncomplicated by nervous storms and crises. To-day, when our nerves are subject to daily attack, we must turn to Science for aid. Read how an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food restores Nature's balance and renews worn nerves.

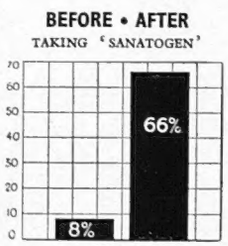
What doctors say about *Worry*

"You often hear of people being worried to death," said a doctor recently, "but I can't say I've ever known of that being actually true. But worry does cause ill-health. Lack of sleep and a restless mind soon lead to genuine neurasthenia. Unfortunately, the neurasthenic becomes even more prone to worry and so a vicious circle is created. We can only break the circle by putting the nerves in good physical condition. Luckily, we know nowadays that a supplementary diet rich in organic phosphorus and protein will do that safely, surely and quickly."

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food *is* organic phosphorus and protein. In 'Sanatogen' alone do you find these two precious elements *in chemical combination.* Quickly and surely it is absorbed into the bloodstream; steadily and infallibly it builds up the nervous system, restores vitality and self-confidence. 'Sanatogen' re-vitalises the bloodstream too: keeps infections at bay, postpones senility and shortens convalescence.

No wonder 26,721 doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen': that a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons during the last war that 'Sanatogen' "*is a national necessity for preserving good nerves*".

PROOF that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy. A group of eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a *fortnight's* course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. In this case 66% of their energy remained. *This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy.*



'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

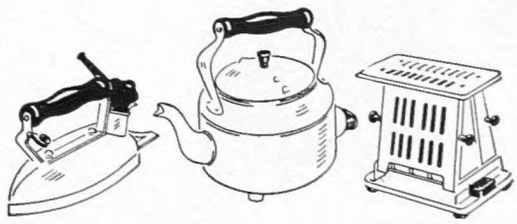
Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

Have you tried COFFEE-FLAVOURED 'Sanatogen'?

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

G.E.C.
QUALITY PRODUCTS

Patriotic buying to-day means buying only necessities—and buying them to last. That is why, in the purchase of electrical necessities, you would be wise to choose from the range of G.E.C. quality products.



Everything Electrical for the Home

MADE IN ENGLAND
Sold by all Electrical Suppliers

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Smedley's

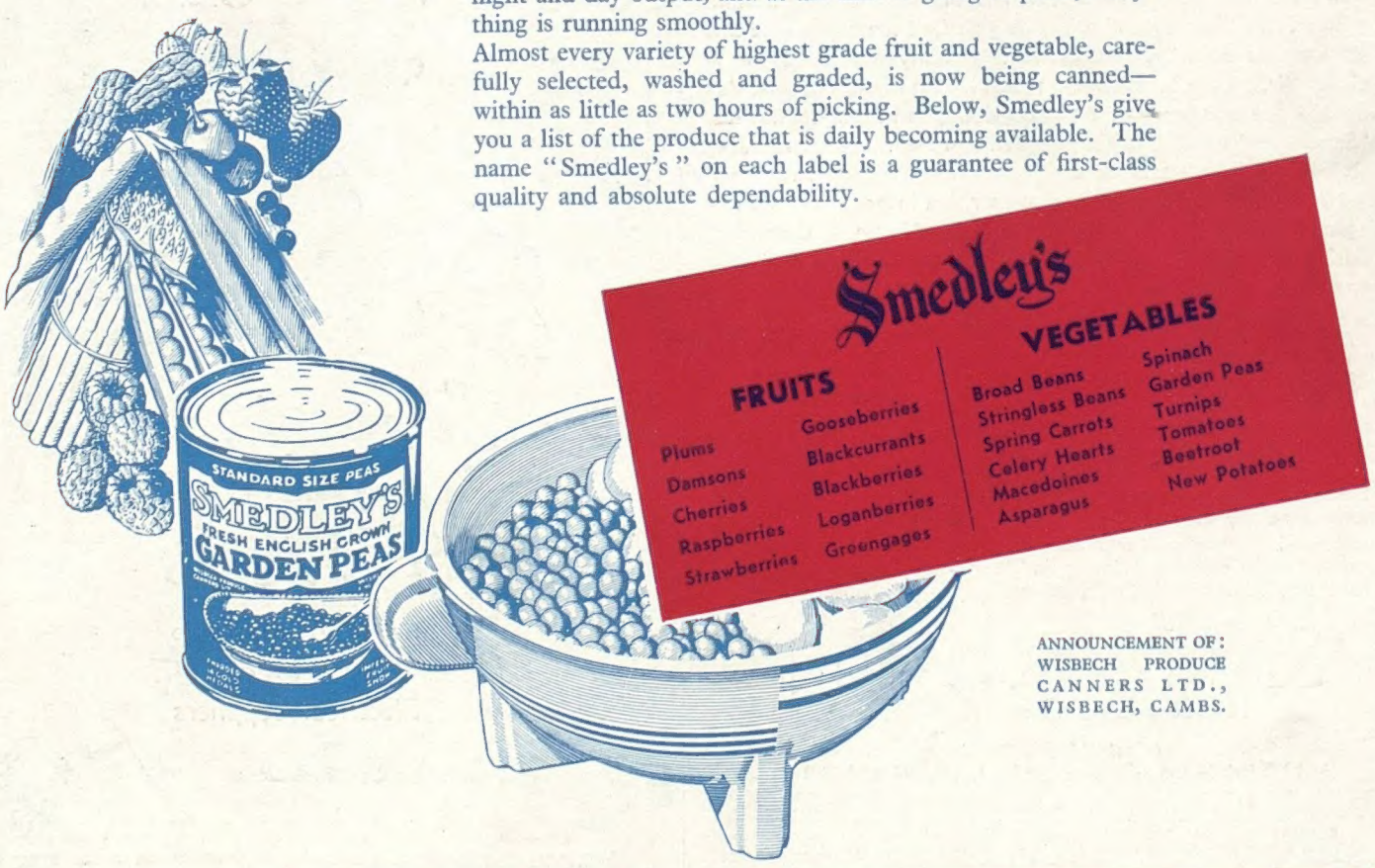
—ready in the time of need

By the time this announcement appears, Smedley's Canneries will be well on the way to having produced over one hundred million cans of the finest quality Home Grown fruits and vegetables.

Smedley's realised some time ago that the summer of 1940 would probably be the most dramatic period in the history of British Canning.

All over the country the nine Smedley Canneries laid plans for a one hundred per cent night and day output, and at the time of going to press, everything is running smoothly.

Almost every variety of highest grade fruit and vegetable, carefully selected, washed and graded, is now being canned—within as little as two hours of picking. Below, Smedley's give you a list of the produce that is daily becoming available. The name "Smedley's" on each label is a guarantee of first-class quality and absolute dependability.



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